25TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

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Gregg Easterbrook on Charles Murray's current book

Art Levine on Charles Murray's *next* book

Charles Peters on the *Monthly*'s wins and losses

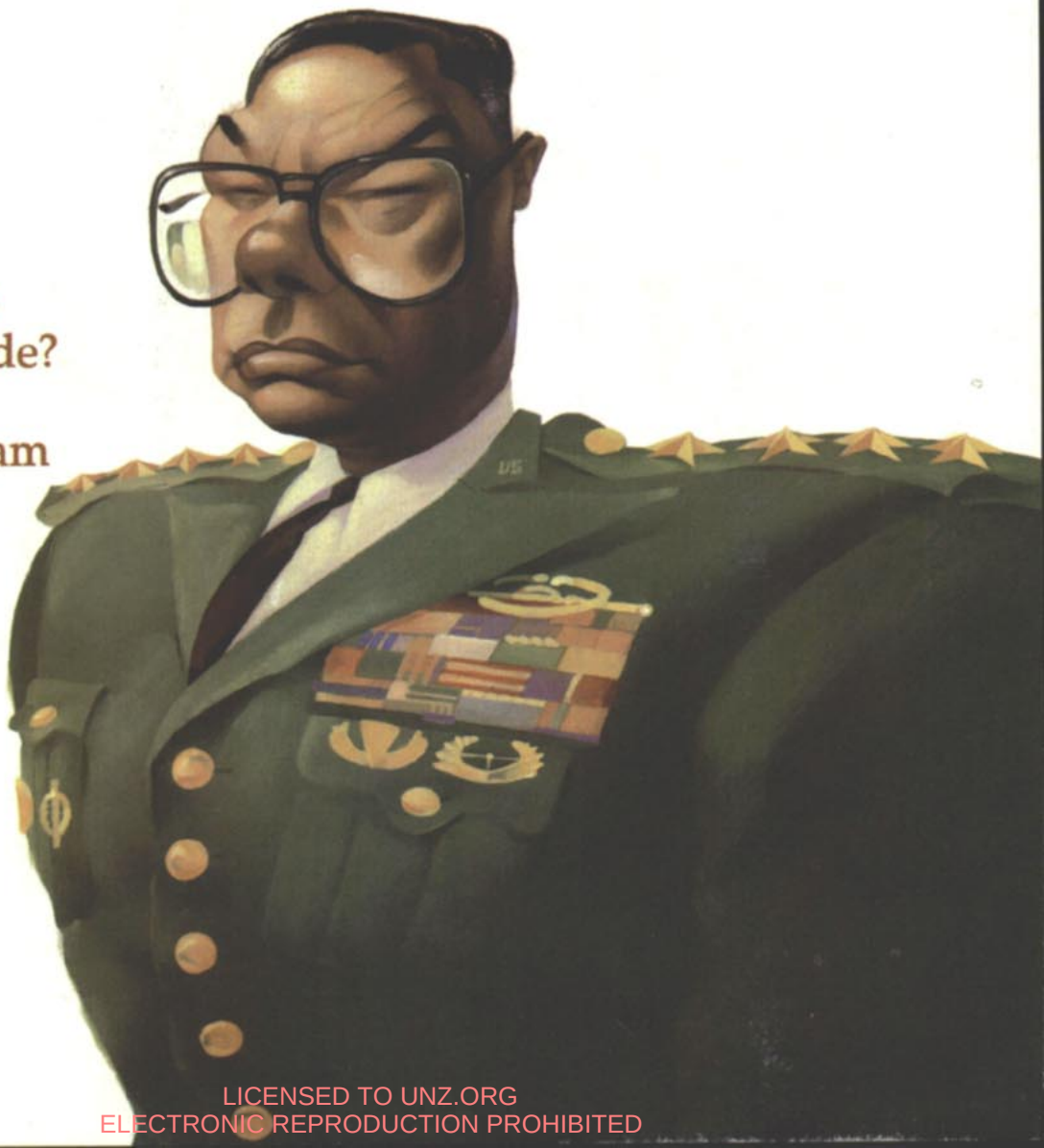
Jeffrey H. Birnbaum: inside Campaign '92

Reviews by Peter Applebome, Walter Pincus, and Timothy Noah

How Colin Powell Plays The Game

The record of America's dream candidate: Is Mr. Outside really Mr. Inside?

By Jon Meacham



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CAN

TALK

REDUCE SCHOOL VIOLENCE?

The second part of MetLife's Survey of Violence in America's Schools suggests that good communication may offer a solution to the mounting problem of violence in and around schools. Statistics show that kids who communicate with parents and teachers are less likely to become victims of school violence.

Conversely, the same statistics show that kids who are victims of school violence feel isolated from responsible adults. Of those surveyed, 29% say their parents can't help them; 47% that parents don't understand their problems; 22% that they'll get into trouble if they talk to their parents; 17% that their parents are too busy or simply aren't interested.*

The possibility that improved communication can reduce violence in and around schools is an intriguing one. It's an idea that may provide a foundation of opinion leading toward an overall solution.

The survey on violence in the schools is the latest in a 10-year series of surveys, all commissioned by MetLife and conducted by the polling firm of Louis Harris & Associates, which have explored a wide range of issues in education.

You may obtain a summary of the findings of *Violence in America's Public Schools: The Family Perspective,* without cost, by writing to MetLife Teachers' Survey 1994, PO Box 807, Madison Square Station, NY, NY 10159-0807.

**The MetLife Survey of the American Teacher 1994: Violence in America's Public Schools: The Family Perspective*

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Letters

Military Right

As a USNA graduate (1940), I found Scott Shuger's "The Case Against the Military Academies" [October] to be right on the money.

John Wright
Silver Spring, MD

Gone Ballistic

Scott Shuger's article is strong on opinion and weak on facts.

The purpose of the Air Force Academy is to develop the qualities, abilities, and attributes essential to career service as an Air Force officer. The focus is on academics, military and physical training, and character development. ROTC and OTS graduates of civilian colleges generally do not receive the same professional military training and experience as service academy graduates because the focus of civilian universities is on specific academic areas.

Professional military training is only one of the objectives of service academies. Based on criteria used in the *U.S. News and World Report* College Guide and *Barron's Top 50*, all three service academies rate among the top 25 colleges in the United States. Air Force Academy graduates consistently average 100 points above the national mean on the Graduate Record Examination and have claimed 665 postgraduate Rhodes, Guggenheim, and other scholarships.

In one paragraph, Shuger demands greater meritocracy; in another, he states that two-thirds of all generals and admirals are not academy graduates. Selectively listing a number of senior officers who are products of ROTC or OTS only serves to demonstrate that the military services are meritocratic, that individual excellence, regardless of the source of the commission, determines career success. However, half of the current Air Force four-star generals, to include the Chief of Staff nominee, are Air Force Academy graduates, as are nearly a third of the 1993 brigadier general selects. When these officers began their careers, they represented less than seven percent of all officer accessions, demonstrating that Academy graduates generally perform better in a military environment than a comparable group of ROTC or OTS graduates.

Shuger's claim that there are no statistical differences between commissioning sources doesn't hold up to the facts. Over the past ten years, Academy graduates averaged 12 to 16 points higher than non-Academy graduates in promotions to major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel. When normalized, that equates to a 25 percent higher promotion rate. Academy graduates are also selected at two-and-a-half times the rate of their non-Academy counterparts for accelerated promotions. Nearly half of all Academy graduates remain in the Air Force for at least 20 years, compared to 27.5 percent for other commissioning sources, and nearly 7.5 percent remain beyond 30 years, compared to less than two percent for other commissioning sources.

The sole purpose of service academies is to produce career officers. Many superb officers and leaders have come through ROTC and OTS, but the facts are that service academies produce a significantly higher percentage of good career officers than either ROTC or OTS. The combination of service academy and civilian university undergraduates strengthens the officer corps through diverse experience and educational backgrounds. It would be a mistake to deny the Air Force great leadership by eliminating any one of our three commissioning sources.

Col. Joseph W. Purka, Jr. (USAF)
Director of Public Affairs
U.S. Air Force Academy
Colorado Springs, CO

The author replies: Col. Purka is missing the big picture. The question is not, "Is the Air Force Academy academically among the top colleges in the country?" At a cost per student of nearly $70,000 per year, it damn well should be. Nor is it, "Do Air Force Academy graduates average a slightly higher promotion rate to the middle officer ranks?" Given that they don't as a group outperform other officers once they get there, who cares? The real question is, "What results do the Air Force Academy, along with West Point and the Naval Academy, produce that justify spending 50 percent of our officer development money on just 16 percent of our officers?" I'm still waiting for an answer to that one.

Left Hook

Amitai Etzioni ["Has the ACLU Lost Its Mind?," October] repeats two charges against the ACLU: It has "veered off to the left," and it has "gone silly."

In support of these charges, Etzioni cites *no more than one identifiable court case* out of the thousands the ACLU is involved in each year, and a half-dozen public comments and legislative positions, most of them only vaguely or misleadingly described. He makes no attempt at all to show whether they represent the bulk of our work.

He also fails to cite even one example to support the charge that we have "veered off to the left." He pines nostalgically for the days when the ACLU did great things, citing our defense of Japanese-Americans interned during World War II and our opposition to loyalty oaths during the McCarthy era. But he neglects to point out, of course, that we were widely accused of veering to the left and, indeed, of being unpatriotic and even Communistic at the time we took those positions.

What Etzioni finds admirable now, 40 and 50 years later, subjected us to severe criticism *then*. To people like Etzioni, the ACLU always looks courageous and commendable only in retrospect.

As to the charge that we have "gone silly," I could, given more space than a

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letter permits, respond to each of Etzioni's examples by correcting his misleading descriptions of our positions and by explaining why we think the positions he dislikes are not "silly." But instead, let me concede that the ACLU is not perfect. Out of perhaps 10,000 actions we take each year, no doubt a handful are ill-advised. But the serious question for serious people is whether this handful is abberational—say less than one percent of the whole—or whether it reflects the bulk of our work.

But Etzioni isn't interested in that. Instead, he fastens on a handful of comments and positions, describes them in a way that has more in common with caricature than scholarship and then uses that to falsely characterize the whole. I would ask Etzioni what he has asked the ACLU: Don't you have anything important to do?

Ira Glasser
American Civil Liberties Union
Washington, D.C.

Court Clash

For a while now, I've been worried that as Court TV gains prominence and credibility, some in the print press would begin to resent it. For Court TV allows people to see trials for themselves, thereby depriving print reporters who cover the law (including, I should add, many of those at our own affiliated *American Lawyer* publications) of a monopoly on actually seeing the process and, thus, being the only "experts" who can tell the rest of us what really happened. But I never dreamed that one of my personal heroes, Charlie Peters, would emerge as one of those who wants to confine reporting on legal stories to those who can put their own spins on it in print, or to Hollywood docudrama writers.

Peters' two paragraphs opining against cameras are so ridiculously reasoned that this must be the only explanation: First, every single study ever done about the effect of cameras—and most of the states that allow cameras did such studies first—found that lawyers and judges do not play to the cameras at all. (Did William Kennedy Smith's prosecutor "go Hollywood" when the cameras went on?) Sure, some lawyers or judges might try to perform better in a high-profile trial that they know the world, via the print press or the print press and a camera, is watching. But it's the high profile of the case, not the camera, that causes that. And that's probably a healthy thing, anyway.

Second, Charlie was worried that cameras in the courts unduly glorify lawyers (and in the process inspire young people to become lawyers) because "only the most dramatic cases" are shown on TV. Court TV doesn't show only those cases, nor do we fail to show the boring, repetitious, time-wasting moments of the dramatic cases or any other cases. On the other hand, we do show judges and lawyers doing important things and solving important disputes and issues peaceably—which is not the worst thing to show young people today. (And we also make all kinds of tapes and other learning materials available to students from grade school to law school that show how the legal system actually works.) Indeed, one of the ironies of the decision by the Federal Judicial Conference to end this experiment with camera coverage of some civil trials is that it forces us to forego coverage of some of the most important of those non-dramatic cases (civil rights and antitrust cases, for example) that we were able to (and did) show during the experiment.

Steven Brill
Chairman and CEO
American Lawyer Media
New York, NY

Charles Peters replies: I agree with Steve Brill's first point that the camera is just as likely to enhance as to distort the performance of the various actors in court by encouraging them to be on their best behavior. But Brill has to be kidding us when he says that Court TV does a good job presenting the dull cases; if it did, it would go out of business tomorrow.

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Tilting at Windmills

Is the selfishness that dominated much of the seventies and eighties now reemerging? One sign is that 3.4 percent fewer Americans volunteered for charitable work in 1993 than in 1991, and we contributed $19 less per household. Could the Republican triumph in November be another example? That may sound a bit extreme, but let me ask if you can imagine Gingrich, Dole, or Gramm ever saying, "With malice toward none, with charity for all"?

Actually, I'm stealing that question from a speech Bill Clinton made the day before the election. The reason you probably haven't heard it is that none of the evening network news programs reported it that night. They *did* say that Clinton had inadvertently referred to Dole as the "majority leader." The gaffe got reported; the good line was ignored. With this kind of coverage, one can understand why the president has a self-pity problem. . . .

But while it is understandable, I pray Clinton can overcome it. Let me explain.

Not long ago during a meeting I was having with the young interns at the *Monthly*, one of them remarked that he had just finished reading Doris Kearns Goodwin's new book about Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. He said he would not have believed that such leaders could exist or that there could be such a national spirit of optimism and determination.

I feel fortunate to have lived through the FDR era. Despite infinitely worse problems than we face today—there's nothing confronting us nearly as daunting as the Great Depression or World War II—there was little self-pity in the country and almost none in its president. Unlike Bill Clinton, FDR rarely wasted a second feeling sorry for himself. I was dismayed at how often during the last week of the recent campaign Clinton, instead of rallying his people to great causes, fretted about how he had been misunderstood and mistreated, especially by the press. Unfortunately, insiders tell me such self-pity has been a continuing characteristic of the Clinton presidency, one that, alas, seems to be shared by his wife, Hillary.

Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt were viciously libeled by the press every day. Just take a look at the columns of Hearst's Westbrook Pegler or the New York *Daily News'* John O'Donnell. But when they railed, FDR laughed. If only Bill Clinton knew how to laugh.

Part of the problem is Clinton, but part of it also is the people he leads. Never have voters been less attractive than during this campaign. Nothing is worse than self-righteous anger directed at either defending one's own privileges or resenting help for those in need. . . .

Another thing to love about FDR was that his sense of duty was neither heavy or oppressive. Rather, it was downright cheerful, so radically different from the cry-babies' world of today in which Churchillian relish for public service has been replaced by the "my daddy made me do it" moaning of Prince Charles. . . .

If you're interested in evidence that Charles Murray is wrong, see Gregg Easterbrook's article on page 17 and ponder the following fact: While the number of white women who smoke rose 2 percent from 1987 to 1992, the number of young black women aged 18 to 24 who smoke dropped from 22 to 6 percent. Sounds to me like the blacks are a lot smarter than the whites.

I have another reason for being suspicious about the accuracy of IQ-type testing. During World War II, I was told I had made a record high score on the army's language aptitude test. As a result, I was scheduled to be sent to the University of Chicago to study Japanese. This disaster was prevented by a training camp injury a few days before I was to leave. The reason I say "disaster" is that when I later tried to learn German from the prisoners who labored in the army hospital

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where my injury had landed me, or to learn French at Columbia after the war, I was terrible because I simply did not have an ear for language, a fact that the written test I took in the Army was unable to take account of.

Later, at law school at the University of Virginia, I saw another example of how these IQ tests can fail. I had a classmate whose score on the legal aptitude test was so low that he probably only got in because he came from an old Virginia family. But it turned out that he had good judgment, a quality not measured by the test that is nonetheless crucial to being a good lawyer in real life, as opposed to being a successful law student. . . .

Aside from jubiliant Republicans who won offices on November 8, the happiest group of people in America has to be all those radio talk-show hosts. In fact, I don't think it is too much to say that Rush Limbaugh won this election. The countless hours Limbaugh and his imitators spent spewing unrelenting negativity and anti-Clinton vitriol took its toll on Democrats everywhere. On the day after the election, Limbaugh played James Brown's "I Feel Good" and, as Howard Kurtz of *The Washington Post* noted, turned on his "gloat-o-meter" to dance on Democrats' graves. . . .

In other election news, the closest race of the 1994 campaign has to have been the contest for most misleading political commercial. From the hundreds of contenders, it is hard to choose a winner. But my choice, after careful deliberation, is a commercial used by the victorious Republican senatorial candidate, Rick Santorum, against James Carville, a campaign manager for Santorum's opponent, Harris Wofford. It quoted Carville as saying, "If you lie loud enough and long enough, people will believe it." But it turns out that when Carville used the words, he was quoting Phil Gramm, a fellow Republican of Santorum's.

It should be noted, however, that another low point in the fall campaign came when Wofford attacked Santorum for suggesting that in order to control the deficit and save Social Security, it might be wise to raise the retirement age to 70. This is not a bad idea. Certainly it did not deserve the savaging it got from Wofford, so much of whose otherwise admirable public life has been devoted to the cause of fairness. . . .

Speaking of campaign ads, it's time to revive the *Monthly*'s crusade against those blights on our political landscape. In this morning-after-the-election Herblock cartoon, a wife says to her husband: "Look at the bright side—no more of those garbage political commercials."

Manufactured television spots are designed to distort, magnifying one candidate's character and accomplishments while disparaging his opponent's. They could be abolished without violating the First Amendment simply by saying that while each candidate should be guaranteed the right to speak, he cannot use edited film or similar devices to hype his message. His right to say whatever he wants would be absolutely unrestricted, but he would not be able to employ the arts of Hollywood, Broadway, and Madison Avenue to make himself look better or his opponent look worse. This reform would not only spare us the kind of negative fiction that has muddied this and other recent campaigns but would also radically reduce campaign expenditures—most of which are made to finance these commercials and to buy the radio and television time for them—which in turn would curb the power of the interests that supply campaign funds. . . .

The day after the election, when Gingrich wrote Tom Foley that letter worrying that "key documents or official records could be removed or destroyed," was Gingrich so delirious from sleep deprivation that he forgot Richard Nixon and Ollie North

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were Republicans, not Democrats? . . .

A recent book, *Wedge* by Mark Riebling, tells of the long warfare between the CIA and the FBI, the most conspicuous recent example of which was the Aldrich Ames case. Hostility of that intensity is rare, but a turf-conscious failure to coordinate and cooperate is common among government agencies. Take the recent security breaches at the White House. Did anyone in the Secret Service know that the FAA wasn't watching the radar in the middle of the night so that there was a perfect window of opportunity for a terrorist flying a bomb-loaded plane? Or did the Secret Service know that the Park Police, who have jurisdiction over the sidewalks around the White House, has reduced its patrols from four to one? For that matter, did you know that while the Park Police has the sidewalk, the District of Columbia police are responsible for the street, Pennsylvania Avenue, that runs in front of the White House, and the Secret Service is responsible for the White House grounds inside the fence that separates them from the sidewalk? . . .

West Virginia, North Dakota, and Colorado were among the few bright spots for the Democrats last month. Another, and the one that impressed me the most, was the victory in Oregon of Democratic gubernatorial candidate Dr. John Kitzhaber, the man who created the state's landmark health plan, proving that the architect of a major health reform can survive politically. . . .

I have generally been an admirer of Tom Daschle, whom we have hoped would become the Senate Democratic leader. But there is one troubling issue that deserves examination before he is elected to that post. It is his role in the February crash of a twin-engine Cessna that killed the pilot and three doctors from the Indian Health Service who were on their way to a reservation health clinic in North Dakota. The plane belonged to a charter company called B & L which was headed by a close friend of Daschle's.

"For the Indian Health Service, the crash exposed a current of fear about flying in small planes, especially those of B & L," reported Jeff Gerth and Neil A. Lewis in *The New York Times*. "One supervisor, who spoke on the condition of anonymity, said it had become widespread practice for doctors and nurses in South Dakota to juggle their schedule to avoid flying with B & L."

Forest Service inspectors who were responsible for supervising B & L discovered a pattern of shoddily maintained aircraft with pilots willing to take unnecessary risks, according to Gerth and Lewis, who go on to charge that it was Daschle who brought the pressure that led to the Forest Service ending its inspections of B & L before the crash. Daschle says his interest was to eliminate duplicate regulatory responsibility by the FAA and the Forest Service. This seems reasonable; indeed, the senator may be right about the duplication.

But what troubles me is that, according to the *Times*, the Forest Service "had more stringent safety requirements [than the FAA] that address special tasks like flying in the back country." The FAA, you will recall, is the agency that decided ice on the wings of the ATR 72-210 that crashed in Indiana was not a threat to safety. Indeed, the agency is infamous for not acting on a safety issue until it can see the tombstones that have resulted from its failure to act. . . .

A silver lining in the elections for Bill Clinton is that the turnover of members and staff on Capitol Hill gives him a huge new pool of talent with which to revitalize his administration. Think of the defeated men and women who have lost their jobs but who would be invaluable in making government work: Wofford, David Price of North Carolina, and Jim Sasser and Jim Cooper of Tennessee are just a few examples. And an even greater resource for the executive branch could be the staffs of outgoing Democrats. One of the little-known facts of Washington life is that Hill people are, by and large, more competent than regular bureaucrats, and November's debacle could prove to be the administration's gain if it hires the right people. . . .

It seems that the example of Dwayne Andreas, whose custom of contributing to both Democrats and Republicans was recently celebrated in this column, is being widely emulated. In a story published a few days before last month's election, *The New York Times* reported that "*hundreds* of lawyers, architects, engineers, and construction companies with state contracts are making contributions of at least $500 to Mr. Cuomo and Mr. Pataki.". . .

The Washington Post can make you weep. Remember that wonderful article it published on the growing problem of witness intimidation? We gave it one of our Monthly Journalism Awards. Well, just the other day, the U.S. Attorney of the District of Columbia, Eric Holder, scored a

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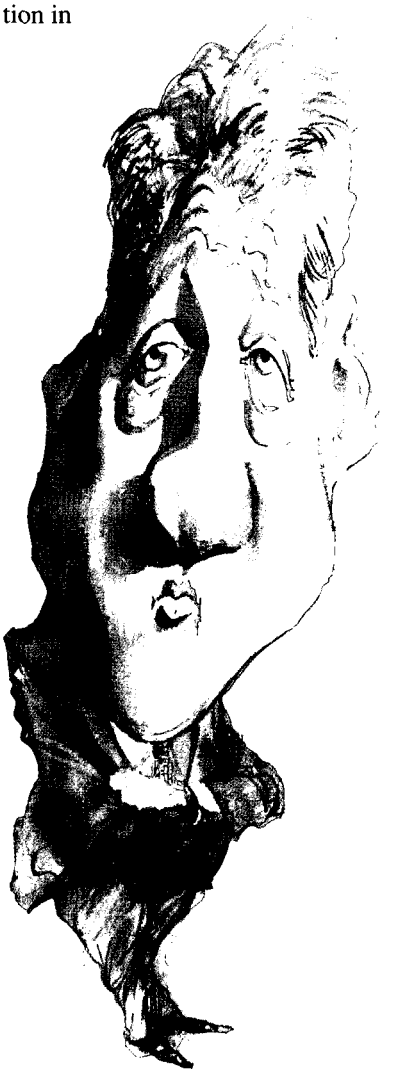
major victory against witness intimidators by getting one of them sentenced to life in prison. *The Washington Times* saw the importance of the story and ran it on page one. The *Post* ran it on page B5, where there was little danger that it would be noticed by the criminals who need to get the message Eric Holder was trying to send. . .

Speaking of criminals, those who don't want their records known should book the next flight to Madison or Milwaukee. It seems that the state of Wisconsin is two and a half years behind in entering conviction records into the database used by law-enforcement officials to determine whether an individual has a criminal history. As of the end of August, according to the *Milwaukee Sentinel,* a backlog of 127,000 conviction records awaited processing. Reporters for other papers should check to see how their state is doing. I suspect the Wisconsin figures are the tip of an iceberg of sloppy record-keeping in many other jurisdictions. If we're serious about getting tough on repeat offenders, we have to have accurate records of their past crimes. Accurate records are also necessary if the Brady Bill is to work. . . .

Another example of a possible story in virtually every city in the country comes from Pensacola, Florida, where by 1996, the city will be spending more on retired firefighters than on active ones. I suspect the same is true in many other municipalities—and for cops as well. The reason is that policemen and firemen are usually permitted to retire after just 20 years and now have a life expectancy of 35 to 40 more years at the time of retirement. It is foolish to permit such early retirement for people in good health. And speaking of good health, phony disability claims are a long tradition in



many police and fire departments. This inflates pension checks for guys who are out chopping down trees or working in second-career jobs. In the case of Pensacola firemen, according to *American City and County* magazine, "Almost any lung or heart disease, including hardening of the arteries, is a job-related disability.". . .

Speaking of tips of icebergs, another one is U.S. Court of Appeals Judge David Sentelle. The good judge, you will remember, is the Republican friend of Jesse Helms and Lauch Faircloth who appointed as the "independent" special prosecutor in the Whitewater inquiry a man who had contributed $6,000 to Republican senatorial candidates in 1992. Despite the 129 appointments Bill Clinton has made to the federal judiciary, it is still dominated by appointees of Republican presidents Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan, and George Bush, who constitute more than 60 percent of all federal judges. . . .

RUS is a Washington term that tells volumes about Washington. It stands for "Rest of the United States." And the acronym, as you may already have divined, is bad news for the RUS. In January, federal employees in the RUS are getting a 2.6 percent raise. For those in Washington, however, the raise will be 25 percent higher. . . .

As Congress prepares to return to Washington next month, don't forget to remind your member that it is disgraceful for him or her to get away with the same abuses that Mike Espy got fired for. Many of them are much more on the take from lobbyists than Espy ever dreamed of being. It was on this issue that I found the Republicans to be the most odious during the fall campaign. Pretending to be the agents of change, they had in fact been the leading defenders of the squalid status quo. They killed lobbying reform. Don't let them get away with it again. . . .

One landmark but largely unexamined fact about the election is the battering Democrats took in the

Roman Genn

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South. Republican gains included 17 formerly Democratic House seats in the old Confederacy. One reason for this is a phenomenon the *Monthly* explained in an article in March 1993: Because of the Voting Rights Act of 1982, during the 1990 reapportionment, several Southern states had to create majority-black districts. This sounds like good news for Democrats, but think about it. If you wall off blacks in their own, often tortuously drawn districts (like that crazy one in North Carolina which runs 140 miles along the interstate), you isolate that entire traditionally Democratic vote. This means that while a small handful of black Democrats are assured election from previously inhospitable states such as Georgia and Texas, the surrounding districts are made snowy-white and, therefore, more conservative and more likely to elect Republicans. . . .

Colin Powell, as Jon Meacham points out in this issue [page 33], changed his mind on Desert Storm. So did we. While Powell moved from thinking it was a terrible idea in the fall of 1990 to enthusiastic support by the time the allied attack was launched in January, we thought it was a terrible idea until the war ended with only 350 American dead.

During the planning, the experts had been contemplating casualties in the 20,000 range. We simply did not think that restoring the Emir to power was worth anything resembling a sacrifice of that dimension. What I think a lot of people, including us and the U.S. military, did not realize was that Saddam did not intend to risk his air force or his Republican Guard in the conflict. We were worried that our forces would be bogged down as the Russians had been in Afghanistan and America had in Vietnam, and failed to consider the absence of the mountainous terrain that helped stop the Russians and the jungle that frustrated U.S. troops. Desert Storm was fought in the desert where our air and armor could be almost painlessly decisive. So the war was not costly to us in terms of lost American lives. And it certainly provided a convincing display of American power to deter potential enemies.

But I remain convinced that there was an excellent chance for a negotiated peace if we had just been willing to send a high-level emissary, say, Jimmy Carter or James Baker, to Baghdad. Saddam Hussein gave many signals that we would be rewarded if we provided him with a face-saving way out. But Bush refused to send an envoy. Maybe it wouldn't have worked. But why didn't he try? My guess is by then he liked the fit

The Manhattan Institute, *City Journal*, and *The Washington Monthly* announce a conference

Common Ground:

Where Can Conservatives and Liberals Agree?

Now that the perils of partisanship have rarely been greater, it's time to cut the cant and seek solutions that work. Subjects will include crime, education, welfare, legal reform, and reinventing government, among others.

April 21, 1995
Washington, D.C.

For more information, write
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of the Commander in Chief's uniform so much that he was determined to go to war.

At the time, we called the war a "fatal distraction." It certainly was for George Bush. If he had focused the same energy on the economy in 1990-92 that he did on the Gulf, he would probably still be president today. . . .

One of the *Monthly*'s longtime causes has been to persuade liberals to give up their automatic anti-military bias and ask what the country really needs to defend our interests. Conservatives now need to do the same, except in their case they need to give up their automatic *pro*-military disposition and agree to eliminate programs that clearly are not needed.

I have a suggestion for where the new GOP Congress can begin, especially if Gingrich and Dole are serious about cutting the deficit: the Air Force's F-22. When this stealthy new jet fighter was planned in the early eighties, it was, as Steve Kroft of "60 Minutes" recently pointed out, designed with one mission against one enemy: fighting the Soviet Union. Now, there is no Soviet Union, but the F-22, at $162 million a copy, lives on. Why? Not because we need it—we have over 3,000 advanced jet fighters now, and potential enemies like Libya, Iran, Iraq, or North Korea have only a fraction as many—but because the F-22's manufacturers, Lockheed and Boeing, spread construction jobs on the jet out to 44 states—which equals 88 senators.

Colin Powell, by the way, in another example of his tendency to support each military service's wish list, signed off on buying 442 F-22s, for a total cost of $70 billion. That's money a President Powell might one day regret not having to spend on more useful things for the country. . . .

As the election results make clear, nothing much is going to happen in Washington for the next two years unless Democrats and Republicans find a way to work together. With that in mind, the Manhattan Institute, *The Washington Monthly* and *City Journal* are co-sponsoring a conference to be held on April 21 entitled, "Common Ground: Where Can Liberals and Conservatives Agree?" It seems to me that considerable agreement is possible in such areas as crime, welfare, and legal and bureaucratic reform. Even in education, where there are sharp differences on vouchers, I suspect common ground can be found on such matters as alternative certification of teachers and the need to purge surplus administrators. If you have ideas on these or other areas of potential agreement, I would be grateful if you would write me. . . .

—*Charles Peters*

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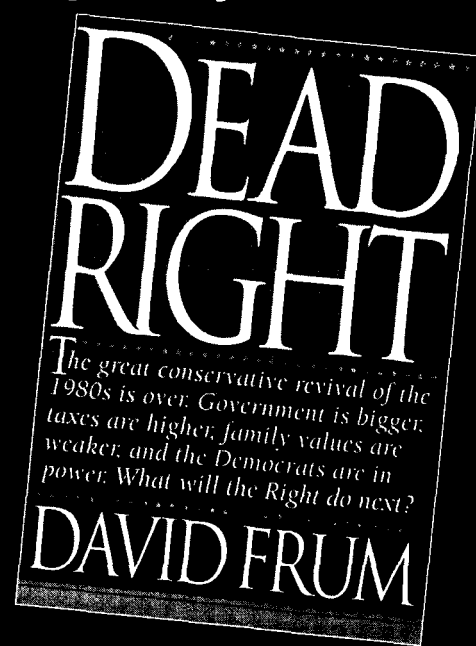

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How Washington Insiders Ambushed Mickey Mouse

When America's best-loved entertainment company tried to build a history theme park, LBJ's White House counsel, a Reagan imagemaker, and a top Mondale hand took on Disney—and won

BY CHARLES W. BAILEY

Once upon a time, there was a business called the Walt Disney Company. It did lots of nice, friendly things: It made movies and built amusement parks; it invented a mouse named Mickey, and a duck named Donald, and seven dwarfs. Everyone liked the Disney Company, and it grew and grew.

One day, the company said it was going to build another park, this one near the nation's capital. And all at once a lot of people decided they didn't like Disney any more; and a few of them—Washington insiders all—decided to try and stop it from building its park.

The story begins with Richard Moe and Nick Kotz having breakfast together at the Mayflower Hotel on a Friday morning in February 1994. Moe, once a top aide to Vice President Mondale, is president of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Kotz is a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and author. Both men had written newspaper articles opposing a Disney proposal, announced in November 1993, to build a $650 million theme park called "Disney's America" on a 3,000-acre tract in a tiny northern Virginia town called Haymarket. So Kotz had called Moe to suggest they get together and talk about it. The result is an object lesson on how people who know the power players in the capital—and how to orchestrate public opinion—can defeat even the largest of corporations.

There was plenty for Kotz and Moe to talk about. The park itself, with American history as its theme, would occupy only about 400 acres. Disney's plan encompassed more than 2,200 housing units, almost 2 million square feet of commercial space, 1,300 hotel rooms, two golf courses, a 280-acre campground and a 37-acre water park. And that did not include the additional development by others that would surely be stimulated by Disney's project. Moe feared the development would despoil the battlefield of Manassas, only four miles from the Disney tract, and overwhelm other historic sites nearby. Kotz had similar concerns—intensified by the fact that he owned a home in Haymarket.

Enter the third man: Julian Scheer, once chief of PR for the U.S. space program, now in business for himself, a native Virginian and also a resident of the

Charles W. Bailey is a member of the editorial advisory board of The Washington Monthly.

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region where the Disney development would be built. Scheer first heard of the project from another PR man, Jody Powell, once President Jimmy Carter's press secretary. Powell had been hired by Disney to promote the theme park, and he invited Scheer to work on the Disney project, but he declined. Instead, because Scheer "did not like the proposition," he began to think about ways to defeat it. He was a friend of both Kotz and Moe, so it was logical for him to join them.

But the next recruit was a surprise. At the end of February, Kotz was seated at a large dinner party next to Peter Hannaford, a (you guessed it) public relations consultant, but best known as the man who, with Michael Deaver, invented Ronald Reagan's presidential image. Hannaford asked Kotz what he was working on. Kotz replied that he was trying to figure out how to stop the Disney project; Hannaford, a member of an advisory committee at Mount Vernon, was worried the theme park would draw tourists away from the first president's house. He agreed to help.

"We gave traditional public relations and public affairs advice," says Hannaford of the anti-Disney project. "And we did the design and copy for things they needed—letterheads, press releases, and information packets, that kind of thing." Up to this point, the only organized anti-Disney activity had been generated by the Piedmont Environmental Council (PEC), a northern Virginia organization substantially funded by well-to-do landowners. The PEC mobilized as soon as Disney revealed its plans. It commissioned a study which concluded that the proposed site was the wrong one and that there were others in Virginia as well or better situated to accommodate Disney's America and the development that would follow it.

Despite this, by early spring it seemed highly unlikely to Moe, Kotz, Scheer, and Hannaford that the park could be stopped at the local or state level. Virginia Governor George Allen was all-out for Disney: When the company asked the state to spend $163 million to improve highways around the Haymarket site, Allen went along cheerfully. Disney staged a lobbying blitz—it reportedly spent more than $400,000 in Richmond—and the legislature approved the full amount.

It also seemed obvious that Disney would get the various rezoning and other approvals it needed from local, county, and state bodies. The promise of new payrolls and higher tax collections—proponents said Disney would create 19,000 new jobs, provide $47 million a year in new state revenues, and add $12 million a year to county tax revenues—was too much to resist.

Well, then, how about the federal government? The four concluded it couldn't be counted on to block the project, either. Disney was a big player in the campaign-finance game. In the last three federal elections—1990, 1992, and the first half of 1994—Disney's individual and PAC contributions to candidates and party committees totaled more than $1.1 million. Court challenges were possible, but slow and expensive

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with no guarantee of success. The anti-Disney forces thought they needed something more.

"The Disney strategy seemed to be to argue that the only opposition was NIMBY—and that the NIMBYs were all rich, red-jacketed fox-hunters," Scheer says. Because Disney had the local situation under control, "it seemed to us that the opposition would have to be on the national level. But arguments about heavier traffic and so forth wouldn't particularly stir up people in California or Indiana."

So they decided to go national with a single, simple argument: that Disney's America was being built in the wrong place. Moe summed up the strategy with the old real estate homily: "location, location, location." This had the added virtue of avoiding a debate about the content of Disney's proposed historical park.

The strategy outflanked Disney, which was trying to turn the debate into a freedom of speech issue. Allen said, "We shouldn't set ourselves up as censors." Disney Chairman and CEO Michael Eisner put it more bluntly, if less elegantly: "The First Amendment gives you the right to be plastic."

Mickey Mouse Snub

The insiders' counterattack on Disney began on May 2. Moe's National Trust took out a full-page advertisement in *The Washington Post*: "Please reconsider the location of Disney's America." It included a return coupon; over 4,200 coupons came back—an encouraging response. A few days later, at a meeting in Scheer's office, "Protect Historic America" was born. Scheer and Kotz put up the first money, opened a bank account, scraped up the required six month's advance rent for a small office on Connecticut Avenue, and opened for business.

They called David McCullough, a member of Moe's board of trustees, biographer of Harry Truman, and host of PBS' "The American Experience." McCullough agreed to help; so did many others, notably Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Tom Wicker, and C. Vann Woodward. Before the fight was over more than 200 historians and writers had signed up. James McPherson agreed to serve as president of the organization, wrote four articles, and did TV and radio talk shows. Shelby Foote turned down a proffered Disney consultancy and became one of the park's most outspoken opponents. Professor Brown Morton of Mary Washington College in Virginia did interviews with foreign television, including one for French TV—in French.

By May 11, they had enough support from the historians to hold a press conference launching Protect Historic America. The news session was a pivotal event in the struggle: For the first time, the anti-Disney effort got some attention from the national media. Kotz began cranking out PHA mailings, including newspaper articles and columns as well as statements from the newly recruited historians and writers.

This had a multiplier effect: Articles spurred more articles, which were circulated to encourage still more, and so on. The group put together folders with the clips and the famous names and mailed them to editorial writers across the country. It was a natural subject for busy local writers: Here was a fun subject, with national implications, easily packaged, with sexy intellectual celebrity names—and all the research for the editorial was already done; no need for reporting or phone calls. (Disney's response to the historians' group was underwhelming: The company said it would give $100,000 to the Association for the Preservation of Civil War Battle Sites.) Thus was born a barrage of anti-Disney publicity in papers all over the country.

"Early on," Hannaford notes, "our view was that we should see if we could give Disney a problem a day. . . or at least enough so they would eventually say, 'Oh no, not another one!'" Scheer puts it more bluntly: "Every morning they would wake up and find they had another bite on their ass."

This technique had two purposes: To make Disney spend money, and to damage its image. "The Disney Company is unique in America," Scheer explains. "It's pure and clean, motherhood and apple pie and all-American. We knew how much their image meant to them. Now all of a sudden there were all these respected people saying it was not smart."

As for money, Disney reportedly was spending at a rate of about $50,000 per week—over $2.5 million a year—on lawyers, publicists, and other costs of the campaign. The opposition was less expensive. Kotz says PHA raised about

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$130,000 from just under 1,100 gifts, the largest of which were two foundation grants of $15,000 and $25,000.

As the PR battle was engaged nationally, opponents turned their attention to what the national government could do for them. PHA wanted federal agencies to insist on a detailed (and thus time-consuming) environmental study. But Disney got some help of its own from Capitol Hill, notably from Virginia Senator John Warner, who raised the cry of states' rights.

But Disney didn't count on the fifth member of the anti-Disney team. Harry McPherson (no relation to the historian) is a lawyer and former White House counsel to Lyndon Johnson. He is also a friend of Moe, McCullough, and Scheer, and his impeccable political credentials and wide Democratic acquaintance gave him that most valuable of Washington assets: access to high officials.

McPherson, aided by his firm's top environmental litigator, Neil Thomas Proto, went to work to remind federal officials of their obligations under various environmental laws. Among McPherson's contacts were Senator Dale Bumpers, chairman of a Senate subcommittee on national parks, and Bruce Babbitt, the secretary of the Interior. McPherson met with both and presented a legal brief assuring them that Interior had a very broad jurisdiction and could require Disney to show that its project would not have a substantial effect on the nearby Manassas battlefield.

Now the public debate picked up. Disney's Eisner, meeting with *Washington Post* editors and reporters on June 13, said he was "shocked" at the opposition and, according to the *Post*, "reserved his strongest words for well-connected Washington insiders whose opposition, he charged, is motivated by a desire to protect the value of real estate that they own in the vicinity." The story said Eisner claimed to have been unaware how many "wealthy people" in the area "dropped in and out of cocktail parties with government officials and others."

The anti-Disney forces fired back three days later with a congressional resolution proposed by 16 House members urging federal officials to make sure Disney was "in strict compliance" with environmental laws. A week later, Bumpers delivered on his promise to hold a hearing, which together with the House resolution gave Washington reporters a fresh angle on the story. *The New York Times* printed a long article, and more reporters and TV producers began to pay attention.

In midsummer, fate took a hand. Eisner, who had been deeply involved, underwent emergency quadruple bypass surgery on July 16. He recovered, but clearly was limited in the amount of work he could handle. Moreover, he was distracted by other matters at Disney—particularly a falling-out with Jeffrey Katzenberg, chairman of Disney Studios. Eisner's trusted number-two man at Disney, Frank Wells, had died in a helicopter crash the previous winter. Katzenberg wanted his job, but Eisner refused to give it to him, and Katzenberg left Disney in late August to form his own company.

At about the same time, it was becoming clear that the fight over the northern Virginia project would be long, litigious, expensive, and messy. Dick Moe had kept in touch with people on the other side—including John F. Cooke, chief executive of the Disney Channel and an acquaintance of Moe's when they both served on the board of the Center for National

THE DEATHS OF SYBIL BOLTON
AN AMERICAN HISTORY

By Dennis McAuliffe, Jr.

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—Tony Hillerman

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—Sen. Ben Nighthorse Campbell (D. Colorado)

Illustration: William Gore

TIMES BOOKS

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Policy, a Democratic think-tank in Washington.

Moe initiated a series of private conversations with Cooke while the two sides were still exchanging public rhetorical salvos. "In early August we got together," Moe says. "I tried to make the case that this was the wrong location. Cooke didn't argue, he just listened. He went back to California and I presume discussed the matter there."

In public, Disney was unshaken. But by early September, while Moe was in London, he got a message from his office that Cooke had called him. When Moe returned to Washington, they met again. "It seemed clear that they were trying to find a way out and had become persuaded that the [Haymarket] site was wrong," Moe recalls.

On the night of September 28, Eisner called Moe. "He told me that they had to put out a press release that night because it was leaking out of Richmond (where Disney emissaries had gone that day to warn Governor Allen that they were pulling out)." Disney's statement that night from California said it would "seek a new site" for its theme park, and explicitly surrendered to the strategy of the opponents: "We recognize that there are those who have been concerned about the possible impact of our park on historic sites in this unique area, and we have always tried to be sensitive to this issue." □

The Washington Monthly

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With its $177 million operating budget, New York's state legislature is the most expensive in the country. But until the *Herald American* ran this 11-part series, the product of more than a year and a half of investigation, New Yorkers had little idea where their tax dollars went. From in-house TV and radio studios that produce carefully orchestrated interviews with state legislators, to the more than 800 political party officers who bleed the payroll by working part-time for healthy salaries and full benefits, to the defeated legislators who are hired on as staff or superfluous consultants in order to bulk up their pensions, dollars are dropped easily in Albany.

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Tidbits & Outrages

YOUR SPACE DOLLARS AT WORK

As part of its commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the Apollo 11 moon landing, NASA arranged to have June Lockhart, who played the mother on "Lost in Space," participate in a panel discussion and also come to Mission Control to talk to the commander of the space shuttle then in orbit.

ARABS UNLEASH NEW PLAN TO KILL ISRAELI LEADERS

ROCK 'N ROLL MUSICIANS UNION ENDORSES HEALTH CARE REFORM

Recently, the rock group Crosby, Stills, and Nash had to abandon a concert tour because singer David Crosby needed a liver transplant; the Eagles had to quit their tour because guitarist Glenn Frey needed gastrointestinal surgery; and rocker John Mellencamp cancelled performances because of a clogged artery and the aftereffects of a heart attack.

DIAMONDS TAKE FOREVER

After rebuilding one freeway wrecked by this year's Los Angeles earthquake in less than three months, the California state transportation agency announced that restriping another one nearby to create a carpool lane would take more than two years.

BURGLARY, SHE WROTE

The New York Times reports that romance novelist Barbara Joslyn acted as a decoy in a burglary scheme she concocted in which she took a friend to lunch so that an accomplice could rob the man's apartment of a Picasso sketch and other valuables worth $800,000.

BUT THE STOCK DID BETTER AFTER THE SPLIT

Business Week reports that the S.E.C. censured a business executive twice in recent years—once while the CEO was a man and then again on different charges after he had a sex change operation.

—Scott Shuger

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The Case Against *The Bell Curve*

Common sense and sound science show that the IQ debate is far from black and white

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK

Years ago, hoping to persuade this publication to hire me, I quit a decent job in Chicago and moved to Washington. Unemployed and low on money, I lived in a seedy neighborhood behind the Navy Yard in Southeast D.C. Because the editor of this magazine unaccountably took his time in acknowledging my merit as an applicant, to blow off steam I played basketball on the local court several hours each day. I was the only white player in the game, accepted at first as a charity case. After a few weeks on the blacktop, however, I was startled to discover other players wanting me on their team. After two months of daily basketball, I found myself able to hold my own in one-on-one matches against the hot players from nearby Eastern High School. I was squaring my shoulders for accurate jump shots, ducking under other players for layups—the sorts of coordinated, classy-looking moves I had never been able to do before and have not been able to do since.

It would hardly be a wild guess that practice had improved my game, and that lack of practice has since eroded it. Charles Murray and the late Richard Herrnstein would say, however, I had suddenly acquired basketball genes. Then just as suddenly, I lost them!

Page after page of obstruent data and marching columns of Pearson correlations in the new book *The Bell Curve* by Murray and Herrnstein, which holds that success in life is mainly determined by inherited IQ and that statistically significant differences in inherited intellect exist among the races, imply that the issues at play in the IQ dispute are so sophisticated only readers of high intelligence can grasp them. This isn't so. Most common-sense aspects of the IQ debate are more significant than the statistical motes and jots—and being much better understood, are a sounder basis for social policy. The complex statistical claims of *The Bell Curve* have received extensive notice in initial reactions to the work. In the end the book's common-sense faults are more telling. Blacktop basketball offers an entry point for understanding why.

Gregg Easterbrook, a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly, The Atlantic Monthly, *and* Newsweek, *is the author of the forthcoming book* A Moment on the Earth.

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The reverse of the notion that blacks are born with less intelligence than whites is that blacks are born with more athletic potential. Well-meaning people who believe that whites are smarter than blacks often quickly add, "But look at how gifted blacks are physically," citing the undeniable black dominance of basketball. Yet if blacks have superior innate athletic ability, why are hockey, tennis, and many other lucrative sports largely dominated by whites? As the writer Farai Chideya will show in a forthcoming book, of the approximately 71,000 Americans who earn livings from sports (broadly defined to include golfers, skaters, and so on), only 10 percent are black.

A likely explanation for black success in basketball is not some mystically powerful jumping gene—natural selection may have favored strength and size in people, but what are the odds it ever favored jumping?—but that many blacks practice the sport intensely. For good or ill, thousands of black kids spend several hours per day through their youth playing basketball. By the time age 18 is reached, it shows: In general, blacks are really good at basketball. Meanwhile, hockey and tennis are usually practiced in youth by whites, who in turn dominate these sports.

In all the complex arguments about inheritability and environment in IQ, the mundane, common-sense question of practice time is often overlooked. Other things being equal, what you practice is what you're good at. As Charles Darwin once wrote to his cousin Francis Galton, founder of the eugenics movement: "I have always maintained that, excepting fools, men [do] not differ much in intellect, only in zeal and hard work."

As a longtime basketball-league participant and a mediocre small-college football player, I have spent a notable portion of my life being knocked down, run past, and otherwise outperformed by black athletes. None ever struck me as possessing any mystical genetic athletic ability, though it may be that as a group they hold some small edge over whites. What often does strike me as a black basketball player in a pick-up game hits his shot and I miss mine is the thought: "He's taken that shot maybe five million times in his life, and I've taken it maybe five thousand." It's safe to say that if there had been no color barrier to college basketball in the 1940s and 1950s, blacks would not have dominated in those years, because at that time few blacks practiced basketball as much as the best white players of the period. By coincidence, the week before *The Bell Curve* was published, the "Science Times" section of *The New York Times* ran a prominent article on new research showing that the most accomplished violinists and other artistic performers spend significantly more time practicing than the less accomplished—though presumably they enjoy the advantage of genetic gifts. There seemed to me a pellucid connection between this research and the Herrnstein-Murray thesis.

Another missed connection concerns a 1990 flap at the University of California at Berkeley. There, a tenured anthropologist, Vincent Sarich, began to say that black success in basketball proved the inherited basis of talent, which in turn supported the view that whites could inherit superior mental faculties. Sarich's argument is revealingly faulty: He would tell classes that "There is no white Michael Jordan. . . nor has there ever been one." Actually there *was* a white Michael Jordan—the late Pete Maravich. Maravich scored much more than Jordan in college and had the same league-leading scoring average in the NBA, 31 points per game. Maravich had the same ability as Jordan to throw the no-look pass, to dunk in ways that appeared to defy certain laws of physics, and so on. Jordan became a sports legend because his college and pro teams were champions; this happened because Jordan was a highly disciplined defensive performer and an astute judge of the court situation. Maravich, in contrast, became something of a standing joke, even to sportswriters eager for white stars, because his teams always lost. Maravich was a hopelessly selfish performer, inert on defense and he never passed up a shot. The comparison between Jordan and Maravich both defies the stereotype of the white player as disciplined and the black player as the gunner, and undermines the notion of black genetic dominance generally.

So if white kids as a group spend more time practicing schoolwork, should we then be surprised that they score better on school-related tests? Herrnstein and Murray acknowledge that 150 hours of extra study will raise the typical

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student's SAT score by 40 points—a commonsense confirmation that scholastic practice makes for scholastic success. True, the score-boosting effects of extra study on SAT tests reach a plateau beyond which further practice adds little. Yet seeing that behavior (study time) alters brain-test outcome, and then concluding as *The Bell Curve* does that brain performance is mainly genetic, is an inverted form of the logic that Stalin's favorite scientist, Trofim Lysenko, employed to contend that genetic characteristics are acquired during a person's life. That many white kids may spend more hours studying than many black kids may well be an argument that some minority parents are negligent in compelling their children to hit the books. But this is an argument about environment, not inheritance.

It is not racist for Herrnstein and Murray to study whether there are differences in inherited IQ. Some commentators have attempted to reject *The Bell Curve* out of hand on grounds of racism, and thereby avoid dealing with its discomfiting contentions. Yet obviously people talk about the mental abilities of various groups, usually in whispers; better to talk about this in the open. For this reason, in my affiliation with *The Atlantic Monthly*, I favored that magazine's publication of some of Herrnstein's earlier work. I agreed with the decision of *The New Republic* to put an excerpt from *The Bell Curve* on its cover. And I am glad Herrnstein and Murray (the principal author) wrote *The Bell Curve*, which is not a racist work, though it is fantastically wrong-headed. Bringing the arguments about race, inheritance, and IQ out into the open in Murray's straightforward writing style is a useful service—especially because the more you know about this line of thought, the less persuasive it becomes.

Now, other objections to *The Bell Curve,* concentrating on those not already raised by other commentators:

● ***The Hollywood corollary.*** Perhaps black overrepresentation in basketball is essentially a fluke telling nothing about the general relationship between practice and achievement. Yet consider that blacks are also overrepresented in several performing arts, notably singing and comedy. Is this because they have superior singing and joking genes? It's hard to imagine why natural selection would have favored DNA for human song. On the other hand, African Americans as a group have spent generations learning various forms of performance. Most African culture is oral; and until recent decades, owing both to discrimination and poverty, when American blacks wanted entertainment they had to entertain each other. That is, they practiced song and comedy, and they got good at it.

● ***Is everybody too dumb to know who's smart?*** In *The Bell Curve* there are numerous assertions that society has handicapped itself by failing to favor the smart. For instance, the book asserts that the American economy loses as much as $80 billion per year because a 1971 Supreme Court decision bars most forms of workplace IQ testing. High-IQ workers are more productive, Herrnstein and Murray say; promoting them would increase productivity. But if high-IQ employees are more productive, that should be self-evident to employers regardless of tests. Are employers so dumb they don't promote the productive workers? On a commonsense basis, society has long been attuned to what can be accomplished by the smart, and almost always rewards this already.

● ***The Hiram College contradiction.*** Early in *The Bell Curve* comes a section describing how in the fifties the freshman class at Harvard was not composed exclusively of the brightest of the bright; many were slow-witted kids entering on Dad-um's alumni connections. This was actually to the good, Murray writes, because it meant that many bright kids who otherwise would have been consolidated at Harvard instead had no choice but to attend Hiram or Kenyon or some other school, distributing IQ throughout society. These days, *The Bell Curve* says, owing to accurate SAT testing (which is now quite accurate, but only so far as it goes), Harvard gets the brightest of the bright, withdrawing the "cognitive elite" into a small, isolated world. This, the book says, is bad.

Yet later, in a section assailing affirmative action (*The Bell Curve* really despises affirmative action), Murray says that offering special admissions consideration to minority students is awful because it denies some worthy white students entry slots in the top schools. But isn't the effect that a percentage of smart kids end up at Hiram and Kenyon, distributing IQ throughout society? When some smart white kids were de-

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nied admission to Harvard because the sons of the landed had a special deal—in other words, when there was a patrician system that favored the affluent—that was great, according to *The Bell Curve*. Now that some smart white kids are denied admission to Harvard because the sons and daughters of *poverty* have a special deal—the new system no longer rigged in favor of the affluent—that's offensive, according to the same book.

➤ ***Those inherited differences that have been confirmed are small.*** It's obvious that there exist inheritable physical differences among racial groups. But all such differences are too minor to mean anything, except as sources of the many forms of prejudice. Perhaps there are inherited mental differences among racial groups, but the observed pattern in physical differences suggests any mental differences would also be too minor to matter in practical terms. For instance, African Americans are on average about an inch and a half taller than Caucasian Americans. This distinction is real but just too small to make a difference except in highly competitive situations like, say, entry into the small number of slots in the National Basketball Association: There, a competition between two players of otherwise equal skills might end in the taller being selected. Similarly, suppose there really are on average a few points of difference between whites and blacks in IQ. This is too little to matter in practical terms, except in highly competitive situations like, say, entry into the small number of clerkships to the Supreme Court, where an extra margin of IQ might carry the day.

➤ ***If this stuff is really true, it's whites that ought to feel inferior.*** The same IQ tests that Murray says show blacks one "standard deviation" (in this case, very roughly 15 percent) less smart than whites show white children duller than Asian-American children by almost the same margin. Simple-minded me might say that is mainly because of the phenomenal (probably excessive) study time many Asian-American parents impose on their kids. But if genes are

WELFARE LINES

"What a racially segregated system once taught the young black about living with his inferiority [is] now taught by a benevolent social welfare system. The difference was that in an earlier age a black parent could fight the competing influences."

—Charles Murray, arguing for the abolition of welfare in *Losing Ground*, 1984

"The United States already has policies that inadvertently social-engineer who has babies, and it is encouraging the wrong women. . . . The technically precise description of America's fertility policy is that it subsidizes births among poor women, who are also disproportionately at the low end of the intelligence distribution."

—Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray, arguing for the abolition of welfare in *The Bell Curve*, 1994

Ten years ago, Charles Murray published *Losing Ground*, a pathfinding, eloquently argued book that called for getting rid of most government assistance programs for the poor. Murray contended that the programs encouraged laziness, dependence on handouts, and endemically low self-esteem among recipients that translated into self-fulfilling prophecies of failure for many poor blacks and members of other minority groups. As the above passage from *Losing Ground* indicates, Murray had nothing but scorn for a well-intentioned liberal elite that professed compassion for the underclass but doomed its members to permanent dependency by expecting nothing of them. His thesis: Welfare is bad because it subsidizes bad habits and attitudes. Take away the check, and you will be treating the poor like equals, spurring them to take responsibility for their lives and possibly climb to prosperity.

On the way from 1984 to 1994, something happened to Murray's thinking. His core proposal—get rid of welfare—is unaltered, but his characterization of the welfare problem has changed drastically. First there was his much-

Charlotte Allen is a Washington writer who is at work on a book about the search for the historical Jesus.

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the IQ destiny that *The Bell Curve* asserts, shouldn't whites be maneuvering to protect themselves against Asians, given that Asians already out-number Caucasians worldwide? Instead, nearly all of the book's prescriptive material focuses on reasons to retaliate politically against blacks: end affirmative action, shift money from compensatory education programs like Head Start to programs for the "gifted" (that is, white students), scale back welfare.

● ***What's the mechanism?*** All human beings are physically similar because they share a line of descent and have all been subject to about the same "selection pressure" from evolution. For there to be significant inherent mental differences among racial groups, there would have to have been significantly different selection pressure. Scientists call this the "What's the mechanism?" question. Any researcher claiming to have found a substantial genetic difference among similar creatures is expected to propose a selection mechanism by which the differential arose.

Early in *The Bell Curve* controversy, *The New York Times* ran an op-ed article asserting that from an evolutionary standpoint, differential intellect among human groups could not have evolved in fewer than "hundreds of thousands of years." This is weak science: Most recent discoveries tend to support the notion that natural selection can operate relatively quickly in geologic terms. So differential intellect is not precluded. Yet neither Herrnstein and Murray nor any credentialed believer in the brain-gene theory has suggested how, on an evolutionary basis, black and white intelligence DNA could have diverged significantly.

The sole researcher asserting a hypothesis in this category is J. Philipe Rushton, a psychologist at the University of Western Ontario. *The Bell Curve* makes a point of praising Rushton as "not . . . a crackpot." But a crackpot is precisely what Rushton is. He believes that among males of African, European, and Asian descent, intellect and genital size are inversely proportional, and that evolution dictated this outcome in an

In the span of a decade, Charles Murray has moved from hating welfare because it hurts people to hoping people on welfare won't be born

discussed *Wall Street Journal* op-ed in the fall of 1993. In that article, and in a longer piece for the spring 1994 issue of *The Public Interest*, Murray's villains were no longer the kindly but deadly liberal social engineers of *Losing Ground.* Murray's new welfare villains were the welfare mothers themselves. Welfare is bad, he argued, because it subsidizes illegitimacy, which he tied to crime and other antisocial behavior prevalent in fatherless, low income families. Take away the check, he concluded, and you will shrink the size of the underclass.

And now we have *The Bell Curve*, with an even newer Murray thesis: Welfare is bad because it subsidizes the breeding of stupid people. As the above quotation from *The Bell Curve* indicates, Thesis no. 3 is actually a refinement of Thesis no. 2 because its corollary is the same: Take away the check, and you will shrink the size of the underclass, not by spurring its members to self-reliance and the repairing of frayed family and community ties, but by *ensuring that they won't be born.*

And as for the old libertarian Murray who derided the social engineers in *Losing Ground*, well, he's gone. The new Murray of *The Bell Curve* believes—and says so explicitly—that a little social engineering might be a good thing if it's the kind that cuts the reproduction rate of the lower orders. Not because he believes poor young men and women would be better off postponing childbearing until their lives were more economically stable, but because he believes *we* would be better off if those people didn't self-replicate, period. Thus, Murray wants the government to get out of the welfare business and into the birth-control business, "making available. . . mechanisms that are increasingly flexible, foolproof, inexpensive, and safe."

This foray into the big government camp may seem uncharacteristic for Murray—until you remember that he, too, now assumes, like his so-called "government bureaucrats" in *Losing Ground,* that the people at society's bottom are born to fail. □

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as-yet-undetermined manner. Sound like something the 16-year-olds at your high school believed? That should not stop Rushton or any researcher from wondering if there might have been different selection pressures on different racial groups. But Rushton's "research" methods, defended by *The Bell Curve* as academically sound, are preposterous. For instance, Rushton has conducted surveys at shopping malls, asking men of different races how far their ejaculate travels. His theory is the farther the gush, the lower the IQ. Set aside the evolutionary absurdity of this. (Are we to presume that in prehistory low-IQ males were too dumb to find pleasure in full penetration, so their sperm had to evolve rocket-propelled arcs? Give me a break.) Consider only the "research" standard here. Is it possible that one man in a hundred actually knows, with statistical accuracy, the average distance traveled by his ejaculate? Yet *The Bell Curve* takes Rushton in full seriousness.

➤ ***Are the natives doltish as well as restless?*** Herrnstein and Murray note that not only do African-Americans score somewhat below white Americans on IQ tests but tribal black Africans score significantly low even in pure-logic tests designed to correct for language differences. (Mazes and so on.) Though many claims of cultural bias are exaggerated by the we're-all-victims lobby, here IQ tests would be expected to be of little reliability, considering the gulf between cultures as different as those of the United States and tribal Africa. Yet *The Bell Curve* takes the low scores of tribal Africans in earnest, implying this proves the existence of an entire continent of morons.

Just what mechanism of selection pressure would have caused this wide disparity? The authors do not say, gliding past this and all other complications of genetic science. More, they make a tee-hee implication, citing IQ scores among South African "coloureds," that American blacks are smarter than African blacks because of interbreeding with whites. Objection One: If black-white interbreeding in North America were substantial enough to transfer the presumed white intellect to the black gene pool, would not the same process have transferred the presumed black athletic gifts to the white gene pool, leading to an NBA dominated by guys named Blaine and Todd? Objection Two: Though geologic time would probably not be required for differential intellect to arise if a selection mechanism could be shown, a couple of centuries seems insufficient. That is, unions between whites and blacks since colonial times would be unlikely to account for African-Americans doing substantially better on IQ tests than tribal black Africans. The exposure of African-Americans to an educational system teaching (as it should) book-based culture would, on the other hand, explain it pretty neatly.

➤ ***Geneticists don't claim genes explain IQ.*** "The people who say intelligence is genetic are the ones with no training in genetics," says Evan Balaban, a former professor of evolutionary biology at Harvard and now a fellow at The Neurosciences Institute, a research organization. Murray is a social scientist; Herrnstein was a psychologist. Balaban continues: "Any serious biologist would be horrified by the idea of using the little we know about genes as the basis for social policy. Current genetic research cannot even explain how basic body parts form." Nearly all contemporary discoveries about human genetics concern only markers or genes associated with protein coding, vastly less complicated than a developmental trait like intellect.

Troy Duster, a sociologist at the University of California at Berkeley who has studied the history of claims of inherited intellectual inferiority, notes that, "Since the turn of the century the people making political assertions about population genetics always reason backwards from the phenotype [observed trait] to the presence of a gene. This is the reverse of the way molecular biology reasons. Since molecular biologists have discovered genes for diseases like cystic fibrosis and Tay Sachs, the public has begun to believe biologists already understand the human genome. People like Herrnstein and Murray use the halo effect of that belief to give their views a sheen of modern genetics, when in truth their assertions run counter to what can be supported by modern genetics." I called prominent molecular biologists at Harvard, MIT, Penn State, Stanford, and the University of Washington, and all asserted that the notion of a traceable gene line for intelligence has no grounding in present research.

Telling in this regard is *The Bell Curve*'s misunderstanding of Mendelian genetics. The

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authors treat inheritance from parents as if it could be charted in straight lines: Smart parents A beget smart kids B, etc. This is a common blunder. Trait-inheritance charts more often look like zig-zags, as phenotypes bounce around among offspring and may skip entire generations. Two red-haired parents may have two brunette children, each of whom in turn have one red- and one black-haired child, and so on. Herrnstein and Murray allude in a few sentences to the common outcome that the children of very bright parents may be only somewhat above average in intellect, but otherwise depict IQ as reliably passed through the generations in straight-line fashion. If IQ does pass down generations in straight lines, then the cause must be mainly the environment families create, since genetic traits don't express so predictably.

When some smart white kids were denied admission to Harvard because the sons of the landed had a special deal that was great, according to *The Bell Curve*. Now that some smart white kids are denied admission because the sons and daughters of *poverty* have a special deal, that's offensive, according to the same book.

• ***Nonsense dysgenics.*** A substantial doom section of *The Bell Curve* is devoted to "dysgenics," the reverse of eugenics—the fear that high fertility rates among those of low mental prowess will swamp society with dumbness. At least since Malthus, this has been a belief of the privileged classes whose concerns Murray and Herrnstein hold foremost. It was the central fear of Darwin's cousin Galton, and was a reputable paranoia among the educated in the United States as recently as the years when the Nazi use of eugenics became known. Even Norman Thomas, the most important American socialist of this century, in the thirties denounced the high rate of fertility among "those of a definitely inferior stock."

Yet during the very century in which, *The Bell Curve* says, dysgenics has run wild globally, overall scores on IQ tests have consistently risen by decade, among blacks as well as whites. Now, how can it be that overall IQ scores are going up, yet society simultaneously is being swamped by fertile dullards? One possible explanation is that in decrying high fertility rates among low-achieving inner-city women (a problem, to be sure, though first for the women themselves), *The Bell Curve* conveniently overlooks a parallel social phenomenon: the rise of the American black middle class. Today, for every one African-American whose life pattern fits the dysgenic nightmare, there are roughly two following the eugenics prescription—moving out of the city, having smaller families, advancing financially and scholastically. Black middle class school achievement trails comparable white numbers, but a small trailer effect seems easily explained as a remnant of segregation.

Herrnstein and Murray say little about the black middle class, a significant group which for good or ill is busily embracing suburban American norms. The authors can't deal with this factor because not only would it foul up claims of dysgenics; dealing with it forces you to confront the fact that many studies show children's IQs tend to be higher in smaller families. This is what might be expected, as other things being equal smaller families offer children more attention and have better social and economic circumstances. That's er, ahem, nurture rather than nature, which falls outside the desired conclusion of *The Bell Curve*.

• ***Spin disguised as scholarship.*** The most disquieting aspect of *The Bell Curve* is its insis-

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tence on phrasing as detached data analysis what is in truth an ideological argument about social policy. Ideology regarding social policy is fine, but should be presented as such. The authors of *The Bell Curve* adapt a weary tone of "we hate these conclusions, yet as scientists we are driven to them by impartial reading of neutral data." The data they offer as impartial has, however, been elaborately scrunched to fit the desired ideological boxes.

The book's main artifice in this regard is to present the work of those researchers who do conclude that IQ is mainly inherited and is the main determinant of life outcomes (there are a few such researchers, with full credentials), then describe their studies as generally accepted or no longer seriously contested by other researchers. This is duplicitous. Most academic researchers now accept the notion that IQ tests have become reasonably fair and reasonably predict performance in school. Beyond that there exists a fantastic range of opinions about what the tests really tell you. Many credentialed academic "psychometricians" (students of IQ) come to conclusions dramatically at odds with what Herrnstein and Murray think about IQ, genes, and mental determinism, Robert Sternberg of Yale probably standing as the leading example. *The Bell Curve* makes passing reference to the existence of prominent academics who would reject its thesis, but in the main represents to readers that few researchers now contest the notion that IQ rules. This borders on intellectual dishonesty.

Spin disguised, period. Murray's work on *The Bell Curve* was underwritten by a grant from the Bradley Foundation, which *National Journal* in 1993 described as "the nation's biggest underwriter of conservative intellectual activity." Bradley is a respectable foundation about whose financial support no author need apologize. But Bradley backs only one kind of work: that with right-wing political value. For instance, Bradley is currently underwriting William Kristol. *The Bell Curve* identifies Murray as a "Bradley Fellow" but gives readers no hint of the foundation's ideological requirements. Telling readers this would, needless to say, spoil the book's pretense of objective assessment of research.

Slipping down the slope from the respectable Bradley Foundation, Herrnstein and Murray praise some research supported by the Pioneer Fund, an Aryan crank organization. Until recently, Pioneer's charter said it would award scholarships mainly to students "deemed to be descended from white persons who settled in the original 13 states." Pioneer supports Rushton and backed the "Minnesota Twins" study, which purports to find that identical twins raised apart end up similar right down to personality quirks. The Aryan crank crowd has long been entranced by the Minnesota Twins project, as it appears to show that genes for mentation are entirely deterministic. Many academics consider the protocols used by the Minnesota Twins study invalid.

Lesser examples of disguised ideological agenda are common in *The Bell Curve*. For example, at one point Murray presents an extended section on problems within the D.C. Police Department, saying their basis lies in "degradation of intellectual requirements" on officer hiring exams. Information in this section is attributed to "journalist Tucker Carlson." No one who lives in Washington doubts its police department has problems, some of which surely stem from poor screening of applicants. But who is the source for the particularly harsh version of this problem presented in *The Bell Curve*? "Journalist Tucker Carlson" turns out to be an employee of the Heritage Foundation; he is an editor of its house journal *Policy Review*. Heritage, for those who don't know it, has a rigid hard-right ideological slant. Its *Policy Review* is a lively and at times insightful publication, but anyone regarding its content as other than pamphleteering would be a fool. The article *The Bell Curve* draws from lampoons the intelligence of D.C. police officers because some cases have been dismissed owing to illegible arrest records. And just how many high-IQ white doctors have unreadable handwriting? If an article in *Policy Review* were an impartial source of social science observations, Murray would simply come out and say where his citation originates. Instead he disguises the source, knowing full well its doctrinaire nature.

Even the worst-case claimed by the brain-gene believers just doesn't sound so bad. Herrnstein and Murray estimate that intelligence is 60 percent nature, 40 percent nurture. Since genes get the majority number here, to them this

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clinches the argument for inborn intellectual determinism.

But think about this worst-case—intelligence as 40 percent nurture. "Forty percent variability based on environment would make intelligence an exceptionally pliant trait," Balaban says. It's known, for example, that better nutrition can improve height—but only by a few inches, about a five percent swing based on the potential range of human statures. If IQ swings by 40 percent owing to circumstances and life experiences, then human society has more control over intelligence than virtually anything else in its genetic inheritance. Thus, even *The Bell Curve*'s own contentions would seem solid ground upon which to support further attempts to improve the school and home environments of underprivileged children.

In the end, *The Bell Curve* should be seen not as racist or violating a taboo, but simply as an attempt to torment data to make it support a right-wing agenda. That's fine so far as it goes: Right-wing ideas have as much claim on society's attention as any other kind, and some of the conclusions Herrnstein and Murray offer are surely correct ones. (They're surely correct, for example, in contending that in most cases small, stable, "legitimate" parents-wedded families are in the best interests of the child.) It is essential, however, that *The Bell Curve* be seen as a tract advocating a political point of view, not a detached assessment of research. In that regard two final common-sense objections to the book are particularly strong:

● ***You don't have to be real smart to grasp test-score convergence.*** For decades black scores on IQ and aptitude tests have been converging upward toward white scores, even as white scores rise. Exceptionally high intelligence is not required to theorize that this is happening because of improved educational opportunity.

The Bell Curve makes a passing mention of black IQ score increases, calls them encouraging, then quickly switches back to doom pronouncements about genetic determinism and the feeble-mindedness of minorities and the poor. Anything more than a passing mention of black IQ test convergence would have kicked the chair out from under the premise of Herrnstein and Murray's tract. If someday black scores stop rising toward white scores, that might be alarming. But this hasn't happened yet, and until it does all the marching data in *The Bell Curve* and similar works will contain a huge common-sense defect.

● ***Even if* The Bell Curve *were right about genes, then it's still wrong about policy.***

It turns out that since IQ testing became common, approximately in the 1920s, the scores of American blacks have shifted upward by about two "standard deviations"—that is, about twice as much positive shift as the negative gulf Herrnstein and Murray find between whites and blacks today. But then almost every American group's IQ score has upshifted by about two standard deviations in recent decades. Blacks, whites, yellows, reds, browns: According to IQ testing, we're all getting smarter dramatically fast. The explanation would seem obvious—quality and quantity (especially number of years of schooling) of education has gone up for everybody, so everybody now does better on tests of educational aptitude. Herrnstein and Murray reject this view, saying it must be mainly genes.

Suppose they're right. If rising IQ levels are mainly genetic, then some evolutionary force must be propelling genus *Homo* in the direction of more DNA for brainpower. Modern society rewards education and mental prowess, so evolution may now be rewarding the same. (Genes do not change during life, but changing circumstances influence which genes are deemed fit and passed to offspring—this is the definition of selection pressure.) Thus if *The Bell Curve* is correct about intellect being mainly genetic, then some aspect of modern social circumstances and government policy must be encouraging or at least neutral to a fantastic wave of improvements in the human genetic endowment for IQ.

Yet *The Bell Curve* concludes by calling for drastic changes in social circumstances and government policy—the very forces which, in Herrnstein and Murray's analysis, seem to be causing natural selection to favor IQ as never before. The book ends up mired in such illogic either because its authors do not understand the science of genetics on which they pretend to premise their case, or have produced what should properly be seen as an unusually lengthy promotional brochure for a rather unattractive political package. □

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Why Are Jews So Rich?

A social scientist's troubling answer may provoke a national debate.

THE JEW CURVE
Greed and Income in American Life.
By Charles Murray.
Illustrated. 837 pp. New York.
The Free Press. $35.

By Malcolm W. Browne*

A scant two years after Charles Murray's incendiary *The Bell Curve* provoked a furor among liberal opinion-makers with its views on race and intelligence, Mr. Murray has returned with an even more controversial work on yet another taboo subject: Jewish wealth. As he did in the earlier work, Mr. Murray marshals an impressive body of evidence that will surely send liberals into paroxysms of outrage. But whether one agrees or disagrees with the findings in Mr. Murray's book, the government or society that persists in ignoring the vital issues raised by his research does so at its peril.

"At a time of widening class divisions and shrinking opportunities for well-paying jobs," he argues, "a hidden source of resentment—the role of Jews in the economy—lurks beneath the surface of American life and clouds our ability to solve our economic dilemmas. It is vital that people begin to talk about this publicly. Failure to do so could only heighten the anti-Semitism that arises during periods of economic dislocation." In Mr. Murray's grim view, the lingering resentment towards Jews—as many as a fifth of Americans hold some anti-Semitic views, surveys show—could lead to an upsurge in discrimination and even hate crimes. The author posits a disturbing future in which Jews, increasingly isolated from other Americans, wall themselves off in high-priced ghettos and find themselves attacked by an impoverished Gentile underclass. Only by exploring in an honest, tough-minded way Jewish economic power—and the significant role of what he argues is the largely inherited trait of greed—can we hope to avoid such a tragic fate, he says.

Jews are the most economically successful group in American society, or, as Mr. Murray dubs them, "the overclass." Jewish family income is 72 percent more than the national average and even when minority groups are removed from the analysis, Jewish income is 34 percent more than that of Gentile white ethnic groups. (The author notes that Jewish families earn 50 percent more than "God-fearing, hard-working Irish-Americans.") Although Jews make up only three percent of the population, they account for approximately a fifth of the very rich, i.e. millionaires and above.

The book effectively uses graphics and charts to underscore these points. In one striking chart, the income curve for "Jews" and "Regular Americans" is compared, with a disproportionate Jewish clustering at the higher end of the $50,000 scale or above.

What accounts for these differentials in group achievement? Aware of the storm of criticism this book may arouse, Mr. Murray offers extensive evidence that shows that educational background or even IQ are not the primary factors that account for Jews' higher income. "Even when educational attainment is the same, Jewish families headed by males with four or more years of college still earn 75 percent higher incomes than those of other ethnic groups," he notes. The slight advantage in IQ test scores reported by Jews is not large enough to explain why they in general are richer than everyone else. "Something more than brains is at work," he says.

That something, he argues in the book's most controversial chapter, is greed. Here, Mr. Murray's provocative analytic insights and policy prescriptions go beyond those of earlier American students of ethnicity and income. The author uses a veritable cornucopia of research, both current and historical, to underscore the picture of Jews driven by what Mr. Murray, a free-market advocate, concedes is "the basic engine of capitalism: greed." As academics have pointed out since the early 1900s, greed is the "g-factor" that motivates anyone—Jew and non-Jew alike—to strive to earn more money for themselves and their families. Pointing to the overwhelming evidence of Jewish economic superiority, Mr. Murray contends, "Everyone has the 'g-factor,' but Jews have more of it."

In making his case, he explores everything from medieval writings about Jewish money lenders to the role of Jewish-dominated investment banking firms, such as Goldman Sachs, in the spate of corporate raids in the 1980s. He pays special attention to Michael Milken and Ivan Boesky, whose "Greed is Good" credo serves, the book contends, as the "secret text" of Jewish life.

*As told to **Art Levine**, a contributing editor of *The Washington Monthly*.

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Most striking is Mr. Murray's contention that the g-factor is genetically passed down from generation to generation. Drawing on the work of distinguished sociobiologists, Mr. Murray says that the g-factor, reflecting the evolutionary impulse toward self-preservation, has a significant hereditary component, somewhere between 40 percent and 80 percent. Jews—regardless of their upbringing—simply pass along more of it to their offspring.

It's an interesting point, but one open to alternative explanations that he tends to overlook. The wealth and greed that have been so widely observed among Jews over the centuries could be due to a cultural heritage that emphasizes achievement and money hoarding rather than a genetic predisposition. One regrets that Mr. Murray did not explore these possibilities more fully.

Still, he is no rabid anti-Semite, but a serious scholar whose work has long been influential in shaping a conservative agenda. A fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, his book *Losing Ground* highlighted how the welfare system fosters a destructive dependence; his last book, *The Bell Curve*, which argued for the immutability of apparent racial differences in intelligence, has been cited by the Republican president-elect in proposals to abolish Head Start and spend the money instead on courses in advanced computer science for prep-school students. But Mr. Murray notes that none of his findings about Jews in general should affect how we treat Jews as individuals. "Not all Jews are greedy, and not all Jews are rich," he observes. "Everyone deserves to be treated fairly on his or her own merits, even if they are, as a group, plutocratic Christ-killers."

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Mr. Murray's reasoned perspective on this matter should go a long way toward ameliorating concerns that he is some kind of bigot. Even so, he doubtless will continue to arouse the ire of the political correctness mandarins, in large measure because of his use of cutting-edge research that flouts the conventional wisdom. In *The Bell Curve*, he respectfully cited the research of J. Philipe Rushton, a psychologist at the University of Western Ontario, who contends that "Negroids" are on the lowest rung of the human race, having developed a warm weather "reproductive strategy" that emphasizes promiscuous sex, high fertility rates, and relatively little nurturing of each child. Accordingly, Rushton contends, they have evolved smaller brains and larger penises than "Caucasoids" or "Mongoloids" [Asians]. In this new work, Mr. Murray has similarly broadened the scope of the debate on the Jewish question by highlighting the research of noted scholar Hans Lincoln Rockwell. Mr. Rockwell has stirred controversy with his quantitative analyses of the correlation between certain oft-cited Jewish activities and traits, and larger social problems. For instance, he has linked data from the FBI's Uniform Crime Report with a sophisticated regression analysis of Jewish religious observances—and it demonstrates an apparent upswing in the kidnapping and murder of children 12-and-under during the month of April, when Jews celebrate Passover. Mr. Rockwell contends that this statistical trend is due to the use by Jews of the blood of Christian children to make *matzoth*, the unleavened bread that plays a central role in the Passover tradition.

Despite the anger such theories often provoke, Mr. Rockwell is recognized by many colleagues as a serious scholar. One of his most striking statistics, for instance, notes that of the 52 reported slayings of children in April 1994, a disproportionate number of them occurred in Los Angeles and New York City, cities with large Jewish populations. Rockwell has carefully analyzed the various factors that might account for this anomaly, and concluded that only the ritual slaying theory makes sense. "I have not been able to think of a plausible alternative explanation," the author quotes Mr. Rockwell as saying. "Can you?" Mr. Rockwell has also commissioned extensive laboratory studies that show that a key molecule found in blood—carbon—is also an ingredient in *matzoth*. "Case closed," Mr. Rockwell asserts.

In the face of heated criticisms of this research on both moral and scientific grounds, Mr. Murray defends Rockwell as "not . . . a crackpot" and notes that "Rockwell has responded to his critics with increasingly detailed and convincing empirical evidence." As for himself, Murray says "I remain resolutely agnostic on the validity of Rockwell's research. Only time will tell whether his work will ultimately be proven right or wrong, but that it is legitimate science there can be no doubt."

In his own way, Mr. Murray has also fearlessly explored new territory. In *The Jew Curve*, he makes a strong case for the role of a Jewish elite in distorting economic outcomes in American society. His solutions to the resulting income inequality will also draw fire, although they're just sketched in at the end. He notes with regret that "there can be no genuine free market as long as Jews are free of all restraints." Mr. Murray has proposed—in the form of "theoretical thought-experiments"—a number of remedial steps that could be taken: state seizures of excess profits of Jewish millionaires "to promote productive investment rather than hoarding by a selfish few"; abolishing onerous anti-discrimination statutes that discourage members of the Gentile "clans" from hiring their own kind; and so on. But he draws the line at extremist measures: No one should be forced to wear a yellow star.

Mr. Murray has done a valuable service by ending the shroud of censorship that has made Jewish wealth and other burning ethnic issues "pariahs in the world of ideas for the last 50 years," as he puts it. A democratic society clearly deserves a rational discourse on these critical subjects. It is for that reason we eagerly await Mr. Murray's next work in the series, a look at the cognitive stumbling blocks thwarting Polish-American advancement. It is tentatively entitled *How Many Polacks Does It Take To Screw In A Light Bulb? A Quantitative Analysis.* □

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What We've Won and What We've Lost: A *Monthly* Scorecard

The successes and failures of this magazine's first 25 years—and what remains to be done

BY CHARLES PETERS

When we started *The Washington Monthly* in 1969, our purpose was to look at our political system in a way that would enable us to understand how and why it worked or didn't work. We thought we knew ways of doing this that had seemed unknown to reporters we had seen covering the Peace Corps, the organization from which all the founding staff of the *Monthly* came. The errors they most often made were relying on the agency's top officials and public relations people for stories, seldom leaving Washington or the capital cities of the host countries where comfort was readily available, and not understanding bureaucratic culture or even being aware of its existence.

By concentrating on officials who were actually on the agencies' firing lines and had firsthand knowledge of their organization's problems and were more likely than agency heads and PR types to be candid about them, we were soon able to identify some of the more significant factors in bureaucratic failure.

The most important secret we discovered was how government officials use make-believe to ensure their survival. The number-one goal of the typical bureaucrat is to protect his job, and, since the only way he is likely to be fired is if his agency's budget is cut, he devotes his highest efforts to defending that budget and if at all possible to increasing it to cover the promotions he yearns for. Deep in the bureaucrat's DNA is the awareness that if his agency attains its goal of, say, eliminating the energy crisis or solving the farm problem, the elimination of the agency and his job would follow. So the civil servant quickly learns to master the tools of make-believe—memoranda and meetings—so that he can appear to be busy while actually accomplishing little if anything.

Make-believe is most common in the middle levels of the bureaucracy. The fat that concentrates there tends to clog the arteries of communication between the top and the bottom of the typical agency. Another factor in this failure of communication is that the people at the bottom are afraid to speak out for fear of losing their job or their promotion. Still another is that the people at the top don't want to know about potential disaster so that they won't be blamed for it—instead of trying to solve problems, many senior officials simply pray that the lid can be kept on during their tenure. This is the Not On My Watch principle of executive behavior.

Charles Peters is the founder and editor in chief of The Washington Monthly.

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At all levels of government there was also an almost total lack of entrepreneurial risk-taking that was becoming, along with the other bureaucratic deficiencies we had identified, characteristic of the private sector as well. This similiarity between government and business helped explain why, in the seventies, General Motors was producing lemons while the post office was losing packages.

Among the first agencies we looked at was the Tennessee Valley Authority, which had been widely recognized as one of the most vital and creative offspring of the New Deal. But by 1969, our writer found, it had lost its mission and had become an enthusiastic co-conspirator in the worst sins of the electric utility industry for which it was supposed to serve as a model and a yardstick. This finding was made in the course of an article that uncovered decay in two other institutions: the United Mine Workers, which had once been a great union dedicated to helping workers, and a leading Washington bank, with a pre-BCCI Clark Clifford on its board, that had become a tool of corruption. We now realized the problem of institutional decline was wider than we had thought and broadened our concern to the private as well as the public sphere. Additional evidence of the breadth of the problem came when we began the "Memo of the Month" in 1969 and realized readers were sending examples of bureaucratic absurdity not just from government but also from corporations, unions, universities, and charities. The funniest memo that year came from Western Electric.

But the *Monthly*'s main focus remained on government because we felt our experience working in it gave us a head start on understanding the culture of the natives who lived along the banks of the Potomac. We realized, for example, that one reason for the lack of courage in speaking up was that the life tenure promised by the civil service attracted not risk-takers but people who wanted security. We saw that the kind of term limits we had at the Peace Corps (five years of service, then you were out) had attracted a more courageous person, one who had the self-confidence to contemplate having to get another job in a few years. (Why do people spend so much time thinking about term limits in the Congress but never in the bureaucracy?)

Another reason for lack of bureaucratic courage we discovered was fear of losing health care. This led us to advocate a system of national health insurance that could not be taken away from people if they were out of work. Another was worry about not being able to afford to pay for their children's college education. This led us to support long-term loans to the student instead of to the parent. And we wanted those loans to be income contingent, payable as a percentage of earnings rather than as a flat sum. The reason for this was that we wanted the student to be able to choose work because he was interested in it and thought that it was worthwhile, not because he felt he had to make money. This, we thought, would encourage more people to teach, to enter public service, and to take entrepreneurial risks instead of going to law school.

Law schools and the lawyers they produced had become one of our targets for another reason. We called them the Typhoid Marys of the paranoia that had become our chronic national neurosis encouraging adversarialism and gridlock.

In addition to the adversarialism of the law, we worried about the other forces that kept people apart. By the seventies, the two great institutions that had promoted class mixing and a sense of national community—the military and the public schools—were no longer places where the affluent, the middle class, and the poor got to know one another. The democratic draft, which had put John F. Kennedy of Hyannisport and Harvard on a PT boat with the sons of farmers and factory workers, ended in the mid-sixties. This led us to support a national service program so that people from different social backgrounds would again get to know one another while performing some of the vast amount of work that needs doing, but that society can't afford to pay for, in such crucial areas as health, education, public safety, and environmental restoration.

Public education had fallen on hard times by the seventies, mostly because teachers' unions and self-protecting administrators resisted reform. Here was an institution that could not be discarded because it no longer worked; public schools, a necessary part of our national life, had to be saved. In my own life, the most consciously happy I have been was at Charleston High School in the early forties. Except that it was lily-white, the school was very close to a perfect democracy. As in the military, all social

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classes—at least all that there were in Charleston, West Virginia—were represented. Students were not judged on the basis of social position but on physical attractiveness, athletic skill, and—unlike those attributes or money, all of which you were born with—by something called "personality," which you could develop on your own. But the decline of the public schools since the sixties has caused most families who can afford it to send their children to private schools, further separating them from the poor and the lower middle class. This led us to support genuine public school reform that would enable principals to fire bad teachers and school boards to dismiss surplus administrators, especially in big cities where they are in such abundant supply. Too many liberals for far too long were hesitant to criticize teachers' unions because liberals were pro-union and were following the old rule of Don't Say Anything Bad About the Good Guys. This is an example of the kind of ideological inflexibility that is another factor in separating the American people. Conservatives have similar prejudices (in favor of the military, for example) which keep both sides from hearing the legitimate points the other fellows are making.

A depressingly strong force that kept people apart during the seventies and eighties was snobbery, people needing to look down on others in order to feel intelligent and sophisticated. We were critical of the tendency of liberal intellectuals to scorn the religious, family, and patriotic values that were so important to most of their countrymen. Snobbery encouraged a materialism that led men and women to become increasingly preoccupied with making money to buy a vacation house in the Hamptons or a Jaguar or some other product that demonstrated both taste and affluence. This need for money to satisfy snobbism drove people away from work that counted and into the insane world Tom Wolfe depicted so well in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*.

In the nineties, the country seems to have begun to retreat from the excesses of snobbery and materialism. If cheap chic does retain traces of elitism, it is still better than ostentatious extravagance. And most liberals no longer look down their noses at religion, family values, and patriotism. Bill Clinton, for example, could feel free to tell an audience of black ministers that "Martin Luther King did not live and die to see the black family destroyed." Liberals also now respect the entrepreneur—you could not find the word used in a favorable sense in any liberal magazine other than the *Monthly* in the seventies.

The importance of changing the culture of organizations is now widely recognized. Echoing Tom Peters and other corporate experts, Al Gore's Reinventing Government manifesto, for instance, says "We must change the *culture* of the bureaucracy." When the *Monthly* started talking about the culture of bureaucracy 25 years ago, we were alone. When they heard the phrase back then, most people had images of civil servants attending concerts at the Kennedy Center.

Another triumph for a *Monthly* idea was the passage of an income-contingent student loan program in 1993. The revolutionary potential of this bill, while not generally understood, is real and could be as important as the G.I. Bill was in the postwar era. But the loans should be made collectible through the IRS so that the plan does not become the boondoggle other student loan programs have turned into. The passage of President Clinton's 20,000-participant AmeriCorps national service program is another *Monthly* victory, though the administration must make sure participants come from all economic backgrounds, not just poorer families, and that they do real work, not make-work. The goal must be service, not self-esteem. On education reform, virtually everyone now recognizes what we have long argued—that the teachers' unions are too powerful and credential-conscious—and there are encouraging signs, from alternative certification of teachers to charter schools, though much remains to be done.

Another long-standing *Monthly* cause directed in part at justice for the young is trying to ease the burden that the Social Security tax has been increasingly imposing on them over the last few decades. This tax, like the rising cost of health insurance, can be a severe disincentive to employment for businesses that are struggling to stay afloat and can't afford a tax that has to be paid regardless of income. As for Social Security benefits, far too much money goes to the affluent elderly who don't need it. We have made some progress with the passage of taxes on Social Security benefits and with the easing of the plight of the young worker by the Earned Income Tax Credit, but further reform is needed.

One of the *Monthly*'s major goals was to inspire other reporters to do what we were trying to do. On this front we have had some success. Recent examples of *Monthly*-like reporting in larger publications include Bob Woodward and Benjamin Weiser's *Washington Post* story explaining how

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federal disability payments to disturbed children are sources of fraud (prompting similar investigations by *Newsweek* and ABC's "PrimeTime Live"). *The New York Times* dissected the Immigration and Naturalization Service and chronicled how the FAA failed to regulate USAir. And in *The New Yorker*, a writer who clearly had first-hand experience teaching in the public schools wrote a devastating story about how the student-teacher ratio could drop from 30 to 1 to 16 to 1 if certified teachers would leave administrative positions. (This piece, by the way, proves our point that journalists would profit from the experience of working in the fields they cover so that they have an insider's feel for the worlds they are writing about.)

What is less encouraging about the media is the much more evident rise of the culture of "The McLaughlin Group." Journalists now rush to get a certain "take" on an issue instead of gaining understanding. Why? Because quick opinions are national reporters' tickets to the fame and fortune of television punditry. What shows like "Crossfire" and "The Capital Gang" want is someone playing a familiar liberal or preferably conservative role in an entertaining way. In the process, the country is rapidly becoming Limbaughized—a condition where snide sarcasm and inflexible ideology are more important than a thoughtful search for agreement about how to fix what's wrong.

Other *Monthly* positions that were unusual in the seventies have long since become the conventional wisdom. We wanted liberals to realize that they could no longer be soft on violent crime and that they had to take an interest in having an effective national defense instead of being self-righteously anti-military. Today, these positions are universally accepted. We've also been effective in moving liberals away from their automatic pro-government position into accepting the need for renewal that is implicit in Gore's Reinventing Government program.

The omissions in that program, however, illustrate our nearly total failure to convince the public that we need new people at all levels of government. Gore saw that size of government could be cut and that most of the fat was in the middle—as this magazine has long contended—but he did not see that there is a problem with the people who are left. Jack Kennedy was the last president who made a major effort to attract talented people to government. He has been dead for 31 years. Since civil servants can retire after 30 years of service, most of the people he recruited are gone. Besides, when Kennedy came into office, the hiring authority of the president had already been limited to a few thousand jobs. The last administration able to hire most of the people who worked for it was FDR's.

But it is worth considering that Roosevelt, the most effective president of this century, was also the one who created the most new agencies and hired the most people—2.5 million, to be exact. (Bill Clinton, by comparison, was able to appoint only 3,227.) The brightest successes of the post-FDR era—from the agency that administered the Marshall Plan in the late forties and early fifties to NASA and the Peace Corps in the sixties to the National Transportation Safety Board in the seventies to the Office of Technology Assessment in the eighties—were new organizations with the ability to hire new employees. If you doubt that the quality of the federal employee should be a serious concern, consider that a few years ago when investigators were seeking a Soviet "mole" in a secret CIA installation in Virginia, they came up with 10 suspects out of a total of only 90 employees. One investigator observed, "There are so many problem personalities that no one stands out."

Nothing is more important to improving the quality of government than improving the quality of the people in it. Yet Clinton and Gore give this no emphasis. I think they're afraid to say in one breath that we need to reduce the size of government and in the next to say we want to hire a lot of new people. Yet both need to be done. We should give administrators the authority to fire marginal employees who either can't or won't do good work. You can't make government a jobs program where the main aim is to keep people employed. The aim must be to keep capable people employed in work that needs doing. Get rid of the drones and make a major effort to attract the best people to public service. My old boss at the Peace Corps, Sargent Shriver, spent a quarter of his time searching for talent to staff the agency and maintain its vitality. Other administrators would be wise to follow his example.

One new problem is that most Republicans now refuse to acknowledge that government can do anything or that it is even needed. In the Nixon-Ford years, a role for government was conceded. Did you realize that the Environmental Protection Agency got its start back then? But with Ronald Reagan a terrible simple-mindedness took hold on the right: Government, except the defense establishment, was bad, period. And because there has been so much evidence of government incompe-

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tence, from the Aldrich Ames case to the postal employees in Chicago and Washington who were discovered concealing stacks of undelivered mail in their homes, a good many liberals are beginning to feel the same way. I know several who opposed health care reform because they were certain the government would screw it up. It's interesting to reflect that when we started the *Monthly* we assumed everyone had a common interest in making government work. But when we started this, our 25th year, the lead article in our January/February issue was "Government *Can* Work."

The fact is we *must* have a government that works. You want an FBI that can find your kidnapped child, an air-traffic controller who won't let your plane crash into another, a Food and Drug Administration scientist who is going to protect you from harmful drugs and unsafe foods. You want an IRS that treats you fairly and doesn't let other people cheat so your taxes are higher. Somehow, we've got to persuade the conservatives to face the fact that they really want these services, and that instead of simply saying government is no good, we've all got to work together to make it good. Most of all we have to convince them that government can improve. Here we are blessed with an example that is provided by an institution conservatives love—the military. At many periods in our history it has been abysmal but at many others it has been magnificent. Think most recently of such embarrassing episodes as the abandonment at Desert One of the Iranian hostage rescue attempt, the bombing of the Marine barracks in Beirut, and the crossed wires of command at Grenada that had officers there making credit card calls to Fort Bragg to get messages to ships just hundreds of yards offshore. But then came the war in the Gulf, which despite a few glitches was a dramatic demonstration of how far the military had come toward getting its act together. Many improvements, especially those in command structure, were due to intelligent criticism from the press and the General Accounting Office, which when this magazine started goading *it* to improve in the seventies, was not covering the Pentagon at all.

What all this shows is that organizations require constant vigilance to maintain their vitality. A Chrysler or a Ford or a GM or a government agency can go downhill fast if stockholders or taxpayers—and the media that are supposed to keep them informed—aren't paying attention. But if attention is paid, both the car companies and the government agencies can come back.

The *Monthly*'s greatest failure is symbolized by our March 1980 issue that proclaimed America not only needed but was ripe for a "New Idealism" that would overcome the selfishness and fragmentation into self-righteous special interest groups that had become evident in the seventies. We were dead wrong. The situation we deplored, instead of improving, grew worse in the eighties and nineties, culminating in the 1994 election triumph of Gingrichism.

I continue to be hopeful that adversarialism and meanness can be overcome. To me, humor is the key. We must learn to laugh at ourselves again. If only the whole country had the spirit that produced all that marvelous comedy during the thirties, from the sense of their own ridiculousness that W.C. Fields and Groucho Marx showed, to the gentle, caring humor of Will Rogers, to all the wonderful comediennes—remember Claudette Colbert, Jean Arthur, and Carole Lombard who, like Rosalind in *As You Like It*, would laugh at the world and at themselves? Today, we have the anguished self-absorption of a Meryl Streep, and the unloving put-down humor of David Letterman, which is designed to display superiority, not self-criticism.

Along with humor, the other prevailing spirit of the thirties was generosity. A couple of weeks ago, I attended the annual reunion of a group who graduated from Charleston High School in 1944. One of my classmates recalled that during the Depression his mother fed everyone who came to her door asking for food. So did my mother. Sometimes we were more than a little nervous, because some of the poor were dirty and more than a few had a haunted look bordering on desperation. But we didn't turn them away. Sometime when you're looking at movies made in the 1933-1935 period, notice the National Recovery Administration signs in every window. They read, "We Do Our Part." The "we" meant that almost everyone except rich Republicans and their lackeys in the press felt a common dedication to defeating the poverty and unemployment that were coming close to destroying the country.

The great mission before us is to expose the "I-want-my-benefits-but-I-don't-want-to-help-anyone-else" spirit that dominates today and so thoroughly embarrass everyone who feels that way that they will begin to laugh at themselves and embrace once again the spirit of generosity and optimism that has been at the core of the American character throughout most of our history. □

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How Colin Powell Plays the Game

The general is everybody's dream candidate: more pleasant than Dole, more eloquent than Gramm, more stable than Perot. But judging from his record, is Powell really the man to shake up the capital?

BY JON MEACHAM

On one of the first days of 1991, as U.S. troops massed near the Saudi/Kuwaiti border, Stephen Solarz's telephone rang in his Capitol Hill office: General Colin Powell was on the line. Solarz, then a New York congressman, had just written a long article for *The New Republic* making the case for war in the Persian Gulf. At the time, President Bush was trying to build support for the use of force against Saddam Hussein; congressional hearings were underway, and with Senator Sam Nunn and two former chairmen of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (JCS)—Admiral William Crowe and General David Jones—publicly arguing to give economic sanctions more time, Solarz was a key Democratic hawk. The Powell call was brief but kind, a valentine about the magazine piece. "He was very generous and congratulated me on it," Solarz recalled recently. "But then I read in subsequent books that he was actually opposed to the points I was arguing, so I'm not sure what to make of that."

Solarz's mystification makes sense. According to Bob Woodward's book *The Commanders*, for which Powell was a major source, the general had reservations about going to war, favoring a containment strategy. Yet, once Bush decided to fight, it was Powell's job as chairman (the principal military advisor to the president) to carry out the wishes of his civilian boss. That Powell, an officer with a high sense of duty, did this is not at all surprising. What *is* striking about Powell around this time is how adroitly he cast himself as a member of the winning war party within the administration.

Hence the stroke call to Solarz; blind accounts in magazines and newspapers about Powell's eagerness and toughness; and his appearance with Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney before the Senate Armed Services Committee on December 4, 1990. There, he took on those such as Nunn, Crowe, and Jones, who believed that sanctions or limited air strikes could force Iraq out of Kuwait. "Many experts, amateurs and others in this town believe that this can be accomplished by such things as surgical air strikes, or perhaps a sustained

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Jon Meacham is an editor of The Washington Monthly. *Research assistance provided by Michael Mayo.*

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air strike. And there are a variety of other nice, tidy, alleged low-cost, incremental, may-work options that are floated around with great regularity all over this town," Powell said. "Those strategies may work, but they also may not. Such strategies are designed to *hope* to win. They are not designed to win."

For Powell to be this dismissive of a position for which he had had such sympathy indicates that the general had decided not only to carry out his duty but also to carry political water for Bush. This was a tough Washington hand to play, but Powell did it beautifully. By the end of the war, he had, in the words of *U.S. News & World Report*, restored "the public's faith in its fighting force." People like Crowe and Jones were discredited, and Powell, who had privately told them—but never Bush—that he was on their side, came up a national hero, "America's Black Eisenhower" (as *National Review* dubbed him).

Now the Powell-for-President drumbeat is sounding throughout the land. In an October *Newsweek* cover story, Joe Klein wrote this of the general: "He stands, at 57, as the most respected figure in American public life. He is an African-American who transcends race; a public man who transcends politics. He seems a distinctly *American* character, with an easy confidence that inspires trust even among the most skeptical." R.W. Apple, Jr., in *The New York Times*, called Powell "a coveted general" in a page-one story about competing GOP and Democratic hopes to claim him as one of their own; in the *Los Angeles Times*, James Pinkerton published a column headlined "Colin Powell: A President for All Seasons."

Implicit in speculation about Powell's potential as a dream candidate is that he is somehow not of Washington, a figure (as Klein put it) who "transcends politics." His poll numbers reflect his popularity: 58 percent of Americans view him favorably and a phenomenally low 6 percent unfavorably (compare that to Bill Clinton's 41 percent negative rating in the same recent NBC News/*Wall Street Journal* survey). And a *Newsweek* poll found that 54 percent believe it's a plus that Powell "has no ties to politics as usual."

Powell, however, operates in Washington as shrewdly and capably as anyone in modern memory. He has held a string of some of the most prestigious and important posts in the capital—White House Fellow, military assistant to Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, national security advisor to President Reagan, JCS chairman under Bush. "It was very clear early on that the advice and counsel he brought were more political than you might have expected from a man who's been in the military," recalls Tom Griscom, Reagan's director of communications from 1987 to 1988, when Powell was at the National Security Council. Margaret Tutwiler, James Baker's longtime aide, says Powell "knows how to work the departmental and interagency process." And the general was very helpful to prominent reporters, from Woodward on down. "He was clearly the guy to go to at the Pentagon, of all the civilians and all the officers, if you wanted direction on a story," says NBC News' Fred Francis, who covered the Pentagon from 1984 to 1993. "He was not a leaker in the traditional sense, but he wouldn't let you broadcast a bad story and if you already had information, he would generally confirm it. He always made himself available."

People who know Powell universally salute his efficiency, sense of humor, and ability—rare in a city seemingly dedicated to spinning its wheels—to get things done. "Weinberger was sometimes a difficult man to deal with, so I used to go to Colin," recalls Lawrence Korb, a former assistant secretary of Defense, of Powell's days as military assistant. "He's got a photographic memory, handles pressure very well, and is able to make things happen. It's a very rare combination."

At the moment, Powell has not only not announced whether he will run for president but also has yet to say officially whether he is a Republican, a Democrat, or something in between. "Nobody knows," claims Weinberger. For three decades, however, Powell's political patrons have been Republicans (Weinberger, Frank Carlucci, Reagan, and Bush); his best friends are former assistant secretary of Defense Richard Armitage (to whom Powell spoke by telephone every morning at 5:30 or 6:00 a.m. during the Reagan and Bush administrations) and Kenneth Duberstein, Reagan's last chief of staff; and his outlook seems generally conservative. During the 1988-89 presidential transition, for example, Powell wrote a *New York Times* op-ed titled

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"Why History Will Honor Mr. Reagan." For Republicans, fresh from their historic mid-term thrashing of Clinton and the Democrats, the partisanship of Gingrich and Dole may wear thin by 1996—which could mean that the GOP will move not to a presidential nominee such as Dole or Phil Gramm but will instead try to recruit a figure of national unity to head the ticket, leaving congressional Republicans to play hardball on the Hill. And about the only figure of national unity with Republican leanings is Colin Powell. Alternatively, from Powell's point of view, the GOP's gains in November may prompt him to embrace the Republicans and run as a moderate who can bridge the gaps in the party. Or there is yet another scenario: Powell could bypass traditional politics altogether and run as an independent.

Mr. Inside: Powell with Reagan, Weinberger, Crowe, Carlucci, and Duberstein

White House Photo

Who is Powell? is the question animating Washington political chat these days. In a way, there seem to be two: Powell the rhetorical critic of domestic culture and Powell the military man. Oddly, the better of these seems to be the domestic thinker, the one we supposedly know the least about. Powell's vision of the country—formulated during his meritocratic rise in the military—is affecting. "I am where I am today because the Army takes care of its own," Powell said in his farewell address as JCS chairman. "I was allowed to rise based on performance." In a remarkable 1989 piece for *The Washington Times* on Martin Luther King, Jr.'s birthday, Powell movingly endorsed the civil rights movement that had taken shape in the summer of 1963 while he was overseas and his young family was living in Birmingham, his wife's hometown. Powell had returned home at Christmas from duty as a military advisor to the South Vietnamese army. "I was stunned, disheartened, and angry. While I had been fighting in Vietnam alongside brave soldiers trying to preserve their freedom, in my own land a long-simmering conflict had turned into an open fight in our streets and cities—a fight that had to be won."

He went on to articulate what could be the thematic outlines of a Powell presidency, one that rightly challenges both conservative and liberal assumptions. (It is a sensibility, ironically, very much like Clinton's, against whom Powell might run in 1996.) "Martin's vision was that the day would come when all Americans would someday sit together at the table of brotherhood. . . . We are not there yet. Martin would see that institutional racism is still a part of our society. He knew that character and ability are formed in the home and in the school. If he were alive today, he would be working hard to strengthen the black family. He would not be satisfied with education systems that still do not prepare our young people to take advantage of the opportunities available to them. I am sure he would have as a major goal a quality education for all Americans. He would also be determined to provide a good job for every American as a solution to underlying causes of second-class citizenship."

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Powell could well be a candidate, like Clinton in 1992 and Robert Kennedy in 1968, able to unite whites and blacks, affluent and poor, with an explicit call for mutual responsibility. He could successfully argue that the country owes the little guy a hand up, and the little guy in turn owes the country discipline and hard work. These issues are inevitably charged with race, and Powell could, on the only-Nixon-could-go-to-China principle, be the leader who finally talks straight to minorities about work, crime, and self-pity. In fact, he already has. At the time of the Los Angeles riots in 1992, during a commencement address at the predominantly black Fisk University in Nashville, Powell said, "Let the fact that you are black or yellow or white be a source of pride and inspiration to you. Draw strength from it. Let it be someone else's problem, but never yours. Never hide behind it or use it as an excuse for not doing your best."

Like Eisenhower, who understood the American people's need for a dignified leader, Powell knows how to conduct himself; he was a powerful, quiet presence briefing the country on the Gulf War and the Carter mission to Haiti. Remember, too, how self-assured and, well, *presidential* he seemed the Saturday evening in June 1993 when he and then-Secretary of Defense Les Aspin publicly explained the bombing of Iraq in retribution for the alleged assassination plot against George Bush? The merits of the operation aside, Powell, in his Army green and bright decorations, was the grown-up; Aspin looked rumpled and out of his league in a khaki poplin suit.

Of course, the presidency is also about solving problems, and one rationale for a Powell candidacy would be that here's the man who ran the Gulf War; why not give him a shot at health care, inner city schools, the deficit? Surely, this line of thinking goes, the general can't do any worse than those who have gone before. This argument will be familiar to anyone who remembers presidential boomlets for figures such as Douglas MacArthur, Ross Perot, and Lee Iacocca.

The problem with thinking of Powell as a savior who will throw the money changers out of the Washington temple is that for a long time he has been one of the money changers. This is the second Powell, and the lesson of his public life is that he is a consensus seeker, a man who wants everyone on board before he moves. The general's common denominator, from giving each service roughly the same budget to defending troubled weapons systems on behalf of the Pentagon, is the search for the thing surest not to upset the status quo. The most famous example of this characteristic is the Powell Doctrine, which holds that the U.S. should only deploy military force in overwhelming numbers and in favorable climes so that our side is virtually guaranteed victory. Applications of the doctrine mean that going into desert combat, with heavy armor and air superiority, is good; fighting in jungles (as in Vietnam) or mountains (as in Bosnia) is more difficult, because determined guerrillas could wear U.S. troops down, and should therefore be avoided.

While caution in deploying troops can save lives, Powell's parallel characteristic—the urge for political consensus—is demonstrably less desirable when it comes to brokering the claims of competing special interests (in his case, among the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine Corps). Making tough calls is what sensible Americans should want a president to do, and Powell already has a substantial record, one that is less about knocking heads together than it is about log-rolling. If he runs for national office, this record should be on the table. Should he not run, we can still learn from his career how even the ablest, most extraordinary men—the general is surely one of these—have trouble overcoming those forces in Washington that encourage inertia.

A Soldier's Story

To understand Powell, you first have to understand where he comes from. The son of Jamaican immigrants, Powell grew up in the South Bronx in the forties and fifties, years when the neighborhood was middle class and racially and economically mixed. Powell got ahead in life by dint of two institutions: City College of New York and the Army's ROTC. Graduating from CCNY in 1958, Powell began his career as a second lieutenant and served two tours in Vietnam. There, he rescued his commanding officer from a burning helicopter; in

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1969, he graduated second in his class at the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth. Back in the U.S., in 1972, he was stationed in Washington, getting a master's degree in business administration at George Washington University when he was selected as a White House Fellow—and his career took off.

White House Fellows are young lawyers, military officers, business executives, and aspiring politicos selected to spend a year working in the executive branch. Alumni include Henry Cisneros, Robert McFarlane, Tim Wirth, Doris Kearns Goodwin, and CNN president Tom Johnson. Powell won one of the precious slots and was quickly picked up by Weinberger and Carlucci, who were then at Nixon's Office and Management and Budget. In 1991, Powell told the *Los Angeles Times* that the fellowship was "a defining experience," and the year in the White House taught him that, in Washington, "the whole thing is greased by compromise and consensus."

So the life experiences in the military and the government that created the good about Powell—his appreciation of equal access to good schools, of the importance of work, and of the ability to make government a force for good—have also produced the bad about him. Which is this: While Powell is regarded by those who have worked with him as a straight-shooting broker, his Washington years taught him not to ruffle feathers, even if the feathers in question desperately deserved to be ruffled.

"I've always thought of General Powell as sort of on the leading edge of the conventional wisdom," says David Evans, a former military reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* who is now director of national defense programs for Business Executives for National Security. For a man who was at the Pentagon with Weinberger, at the National Security Council with Reagan, and head of the JCS, the conventional wisdom was to preserve as much as possible of the federal pie for defense, even in a time of dwindling threats and rising deficits.

On becoming chairman, Powell set up a small working group in the Joint Chiefs' office, with lines to the comptroller's office and to Cheney's shop, to produce the first major military downsizing plan. "He thought he had to take the lead and get out in front of Congress and the administration," says Tom Christie, a former member of Cheney's staff. "Powell wanted to do it on his terms." The result was perhaps Powell's finest bureaucratic hour when, in 1990, he convinced Bush and Cheney to maintain what Powell dubbed a "base force" of 1.6 million with overall defense spending set at about $290 billion by 1993. In a pre-emptive interview with *The Washington Post* before the administration had officially announced its position, Powell said a "a fundamental break point" would occur "somewhere in the neighborhood of maybe a 20 to 25 percent reduction from where we are now" in both force size and military expenditures.

But when you look at the big picture, Powell helped preserve an essentially Cold War budget with no Cold War foe to fight. To be sure, there were cuts from previously planned levels and the real costs of the base force by 1995 would have been roughly 20 percent lower than they were in 1989, but the containment of the Soviet Union accounted for more than 50 percent of that 1989 defense budget. Evidence that more could have been done came when the Clinton administration both cut planned spending by $60 billion more and the force to 1.45 million troops with—this is essential—*no obvious effect on readiness*, according to the Congressional Budget Office and a Pentagon commission on readiness comprised of flag officers and chaired by retired General Edward Meyer. The savings came from killing some weapons systems and much of the SDI program. To be sure, there have been reports this fall questioning the readiness of a few Army divisions, but these shortfalls are not the result of too little money being spent on defense but of too much money being spent on the wrong things. Instead of earmarking enough dollars, for example, to keep important troops well-armed, billions go to weapons systems such as the F-22 that are of dubious necessity and quality and to funding overlapping projects such as separate service air fleets—two areas, by the way, Powell did little to reform. Obviously, as a soldier, Powell's inclination was to protect the military's turf as far as he could, and this meant preserving the largest base force he could get away with to satisfy, on the one hand, calls in Congress for a peace dividend and, on the other, the chiefs' reluctance to cut *anything*.

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Part of the reason for Powell's protectiveness of the basic military structure is cultural: A chairman meets twice a week in The Tank, a secure, top-secret Pentagon conference room, with the service chiefs; he knows them, came up through the ranks with them, wants to make them happy. Powell fell victim to this tendency even though he was the chief implementer of the landmark Goldwater-Nichols Act of 1986, which bolstered the JCS chairman's power. Before the act, a chairman could not make official recommendations to the secretary of Defense or the president without unanimous support from all the chiefs—a situation that reduced most chairmen to irrelevance, since such consensus was virtually impossible to achieve. After the act, however, the chairman alone was made "principal military advisor" to the president, was given a deputy, and now controlled the Joint Staff.

In spite of Powell's newfound statutory power, his experience as chairman suggests that the basic urge for consensus remains ingrained in the military (and political) world. The chiefs are, after all, still the chairman's constituency, even though the chairman is officially a presidential appointee. It is much easier to take a few hits on the Hill than to irritate your people, the guys who, after all, are in *your* business. "Powell's formula was the same old force reduced by whatever it took to meet congressional demands that could not be resisted for a smaller budget," says Edward N. Luttwak, a defense expert and author of *The Logic of War and Peace*, "and this assurance of continuity cemented his ties to the service chiefs, who gave him their loyalty and respect in return."

By the early nineties, however, with the Soviet Union dead, the bills for the Reagan spendup coming due, and the deficit continuing to rise, even conservatives such as Sam Nunn were eager to make the Pentagon spend its money wisely. So on July 2, 1992, Nunn took to the Senate floor and attacked the military's expensive redundancies, arguing that billions could be saved and military capability preserved by commonsensically cutting huge areas of overlap.

Powell's answer to Nunn came in the form of a February 1993 report to Congress on the military's warfighting roles and missions (which branch gets which weapons, helicopters, missiles, etc.). Like all bureaucracies, public or private, the military never exactly jumps at the chance to make major changes; the existing structure was originally hashed out at Key West between Secretary of Defense James Forrestal and the service chiefs in 1948. Since then, the different services have been geniuses at securing and clinging to pieces of technological and budgetary action for themselves—the Navy and the Air Force both build and operate satellites, for instance, and both design, build, test, and field cruise missiles. The branches' love of their own fleets of aircraft prompted Barry Goldwater to say frequently we are the only military in the world with four air forces.

After Nunn's speech, Powell and his staff circulated three drafts of the chairman's recommendations; each got progressively less ambitious as it made its way around the Pentagon. Insiders say Powell wanted to be bolder but, with no political backup from the executive branch or the Hill, was afraid of infuriating the services. As Bush fought for re-election, he and Cheney were uninterested in sweeping change; neither Clinton nor Aspin seriously pursued restructuring after they came to power. "Inside the building, Powell was taking a lot of heat, and he saw himself fighting this battle all alone," says a former top Pentagon official. "So he decided the hell with it and sent up a modest report."

With the report, the general managed to disappoint everybody outside the services, from Nunn on the right to House Armed Services Committee Chairman Ron Dellums on the left. Reviewing Powell's product, the nonpartisan General Accounting Office found "it did not recommend significant reductions in overlapping functions," and the GAO cited 15 areas of possible major change that Powell did not address.

Take two cases. The first: Both the Army and the Marines have expeditionary troops to respond quickly to a crisis anywhere in the world. Each of the Marines' three 10,000-man divisions and four of the Army's 12 divisions (the 82nd Airborne, which is for paratrooping; the 101st air assault, which is for helicopter attacks; and two light infantry divisions, which put soldiers on the ground) are designed for rapid deployment. There is no historical evidence, however, that we need more light infantry capability than the three Marine divisions and elements of the 82nd and 101st can provide.

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Between 1945 and 1978, for example, the Congressional Budget Office found that of the 215 incidents that resulted in some sort of U.S. military action, only 5 percent required a force of division size or more of these contingency forces. Since 1978, only one operation—the Gulf—required more than a full expeditionary division. This includes Grenada, Beirut, Panama, Somalia, Rwanda, and Haiti. And even in the Gulf, the largest American clash of arms since Vietnam, neither of the two ground Army light infantry divisions—which since 1983 have, unlike their predecessors, included no tanks—were deployed because what was needed were heavily armored troops, not light infantry soldiers. (Heavy Army divisions, by the way, are what the military *has* agreed to cut, even though experience suggests precisely the opposite course would be best.)

Powell was supposed to recommend sweeping changes in roles and missions. He circulated three drafts in the Pentagon; each got progressively less ambitious. "Inside the building," says a former official, "Powell was taking a lot of heat, and he saw himself fighting the battle all alone. So he decided the hell with it and sent up a modest report."

Another division in the light infantry force structure Powell left untouched is the 82nd, designed to drop troops into hostile territory from the air by parachute. But the last time the U.S. conducted a full-scale parachute operation with an entire division was World War II. In three major operations since—Korea, Vietnam, and Panama—the 82nd dropped at most a third of a division; in the Gulf the 82nd was involved in no major battles.

The GAO estimates that if the U.S. had another Desert Storm deployment, we would still have enough light infantry troops in our current force structure to maintain a presence in all parts of the world and conduct *two*—not one, but two—operations equivalent in size to the 1989 invasion of Panama. So the wise thing to do would be to eliminate the two Army ground light infantry divisions and combine the airborne and air assault divisions (with a third of the resulting force designated for parachute drops). The CBO says the savings from this step would be about $16 billion. If, to get the Army to go along, you wanted to preserve one of its ground light infantry divisions—which could be useful if the Marine divisions were all somehow tied up in one place, however unlikely that is—it would be essential to equip them with some kind of tank component for protection. During the Somalia operation, remember, ground commanders of light infantry troops thought they needed more tanks than they had prior to the 1993 firefight that killed 18 American servicemen. Keeping one division would still save $14.5 billion.

This is not liberal whining about spending money on defense. Nunn and private-sector groups such as Business Executives for National Security argue for such efficient, cost-saving steps in order to make sure existing troops are well-trained and well-equipped. If you fear—as anyone sane should—a "hollow force" of ill-trained and ill-equipped soldiers, you should be especially interested in making sure that money spent on defense is spent wisely; conversely, this means that money wasted on whole divisions we don't need can't be used to arm the divisions we do need.

But did Powell acknowledge that the Army's light divisions are at worst redundant and at best ill-equipped? No. He said the Army and the Marines should maintain separate expeditionary forces ("The capabilities of the contingency and expeditionary forces in the Army and Marine

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Corps provide decisionmakers with valuable alternatives and should be retained.") Then Powell took the time-honored Washington step of suggesting that the issue be studied further. A commission on roles and missions was formed and is expected to report next summer, but the secretary of Defense is under no obligation to do anything the commission recommends.

Plane Truths

Powell did not limit his log-rolling to the Army and the Marines. He took care of the Navy and the Air Force, too. Right now, the U.S. can use either or both of these services for air strikes. The Air Force operates long-range and medium-range bombers from air bases; the Navy flies attack aircraft off carriers at sea. With the end of the Cold War, though, the need to hold in check the Air Force's long-range bombers (B-1s, B-2s, and B-52s) for possible nuclear missions disappeared, leaving more of its aircraft available for conventional strikes. Meanwhile, the Navy is building toward a 12-carrier fleet (carriers are famously expensive and cumbersome to operate). In the old days, the admirals defended building carriers because, as World War II demonstrated, carriers are ideal for fighting other large navies. Then the Soviets collapsed, and there were no other navies. No problem, said the Navy; now we need carriers because they can defend U.S. interests in regional conflicts.

While it is true that there are some missions that carriers can more effectively execute, in many cases the U.S. already has bases around the world and Air Force aircraft to handle tasks the Navy likes to claim only carriers can complete. There is, for example, a U.S. base in Turkey from which we could launch aircraft to fight in the Persian Gulf. The other potential hotspot Pentagon planners worry about these days is Korea, and we could use our bases in Japan to fend off a North Korean invasion of the South. And of course any crisis in our hemisphere could be handled by the numerous U.S. bases here.

Even with carriers available, it often makes more sense to use the Air Force's land-based fleet of roughly 200 long-range and 300 medium-range craft (the F-117, the F-111, and the F-15E). In the Gulf War, for instance, although there were six carriers in the region, land-based Air Force and Marine planes flew 76 percent of the missions; the Navy flew just 24 percent. Moreover, the Navy planes had to use land bases to be able to carry their maximum bomb loads. In fact, the greatest naval success story of the Gulf War was not its carrier air attacks but its Tomahawk missile launches. Problem is, the Tomahawk example is not an argument for more *carriers*, because the missiles can be fired from smaller vessels, including Aegis cruisers, Arleigh Burke destroyers, and attack submarines.

Moreover, in the future, sea-based aircraft may be even less effective than they already are. The Navy is retiring its A-6 and has firm plans for only an interim replacement—the E/F model of the F/A-18. And because the F/A-18 has a shorter range and smaller payload than the A-6, the floating cities we are paying for now may not have effective planes to carry. And a final point: Carriers bring legions of ships with them, severely limiting a carrier group's *offensive* capability, because you also have to defend the cruisers, destroyers, and supply ships that come along. Roughly, $10 billion spent on a carrier group can buy you 30 offensive aircraft; $10 billion spent by the Air Force can buy you about 300. Nevertheless, in 1993, under Powell's chairmanship, the Navy asked for a $800 million down payment on a new $4.8 billion carrier. Nunn—hardly a flowers-in-his-hair peacenik—asked Powell to consider the proper balance between the two kinds of air power. The JCS chairman responded that there was no need for change. He thereby preserved the Navy's favorite boondoggle.

Eliminating five carriers would net $17 billion and this year would have enabled the country to have met each military crisis that arose in which carriers were deployed, including the flare-ups in the Persian Gulf and in Haiti. Just cutting back two carriers would have saved $7 billion. But Powell ducked the issue altogether, content to let the Navy keep its toys. "Roles and missions ends up in every chairman's 'too-hard-to-handle' box," says General David Jones, a former JCS chairman. "It's just very difficult."

One of the most enduring images of Powell is as the victorious master of the Gulf War; any future political campaign will inevitably include stirring pictures of the troops in the desert. What the ads won't mention is that one of the central

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goals of the war—destroying Saddam's army, especially his elite Republican Guard—did not happen. "First we are going to cut it off," Powell declared of the Iraqi army as the war began, "then we are going to kill it."

Instead, most of the Guard escaped from Kuwait with much of their equipment, assets that enable Saddam to remain in power. General Norman Schwarzkopf had planned a two-pronged attack. As James G. Burton, a retired Air Force colonel and author of the book *The Pentagon Wars*, points out, there were two escape routes for the Iraqis out of the Kuwaiti theater, one westward through the Euphrates River corridor and one north out of Basra. To cut off both routes, Schwarzkopf planned to "close the back door" to Iraq by having the Army's XVIII Corps and VII Corps form a hook that blocked both. On the ground, however, the VII Corps moved too slowly across the desert, leaving the northern hatch open. Meanwhile, the Iraqis, sensing major defeat, began fleeing to the north.

About this time back in Washington, television reporters were beaming back images of the so-called "Highway of Death," a ragtag collection of fleeing Iraqis—*not* the Republican Guard. The White House, sensitive to the appearance that we were bombing a retreating force, pressured Powell to wrap things up quickly, according to Schwarzkopf's memoirs and the forthcoming *The Generals' War* by Michael R. Gordon and General Bernard E. Trainor. "In recommending an end to the war," Gordon and Trainor write, "Powell was motivated by considerations that went beyond military concerns. Determined that the military would erase the stain of Vietnam and come out of the Gulf War victorious with its honor intact, the JCS chairman wanted to avoid the impression that the United States was piling on and killing Iraqis for the sake of killing them. If that meant erring on the side of caution, Powell was prepared to live with that."

At the time, Schwarzkopf thought the Guard was trapped. So he held his famous February 27 press conference, declaring, "The gates are closed. There is no way out." A few hours after Schwarzkopf's press conference, Powell called him to ask if he would agree to an end to offensive operations the next morning. Schwarzkopf initially told Powell he wanted another day to mop up. When Powell called back and pushed again, Schwarzkopf said OK, agreeing to a cease fire roughly 100 hours after the ground war had begun. A few hours after *that*, Schwarzkopf found out that the back door was not in fact closed; he had received bad information from the field, but the cease-fire had already been announced.

As it developed, no field commanders thought the Guard had yet been destroyed or that closing the circle would have cost many U.S. lives. But the Washington political pressure, combined with confusion, had ended the war. Powell's instincts in this case—wrap it up and save lives—were of course the right ones, even though the inadvertent result was leaving a strong Saddam in power. What's interesting, however, about the general's performance is that his role was as much political as it was military; he was, in this case, a general in the tradition of an Alexander Haig, a man of policy and Washington rather than of the battlefield. Of dealing with Powell during the war, Schwarzkopf later told Gordon and Trainor he was never sure when Powell was offering a Powell view or was representing the views of

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others—a classic political tactic: "I never had the ability to sort out what was Powell, what was Scowcroft, what was Cheney, what was the president."

Job performance aside, for politics today the question is: Will Powell run? Already, a "Draft Powell" committee has been formed by Chuck Kelly, a Washington hand who also worked for the last general to become president: Eisenhower. This is a useful parallel, for in his military career Ike was also derisively described as a "political general" who never forced major change. Yet, in the White House, Eisenhower effectively kept defense spending under control in part because his impeccable military credentials prevented the Pentagon from attacking him. Like Eisenhower and like Franklin Roosevelt, who served eight years as assistant secretary of the Navy, Powell knows government intimately, which means he knows the tricks bureaucrats and agencies play to keep themselves afloat even after their usefulness has disappeared. There is much potential, then, for Powell to emulate some of our greatest presidents.

Yet, it seems probable that Powell, a proud man who has a military man's love of precision, won't put up with what it takes to run. NBC's Fred Francis, who considers Powell a professional friend and says that in 13 years of official and semi-official contact Powell never misled him, sometimes saw the results of the general's obsession with accuracy. "When I did something that he thought was wrong, I'd go on the air at 7 o'clock, and the phone would ring right after that," Francis recalls. "It would be Powell on the line saying 'Francis, you're full of shit.'" A presidential campaign, with its Alice-in-Wonderland quality and slap-dash reporting, is not designed for a man of Powell's temperament. He may decide, with his lucrative lecture fees and his already-mythic reputation, to lead a comfortable, quiet life as an undisputed hero.

If the general were to run and turn out to be a dragon-slayer, one with a vision of unity at home and the courage to take on competing special interests, then he could be a great president. But judging from the record, this would require a different Colin Powell—not the one the nation currently idolizes. □

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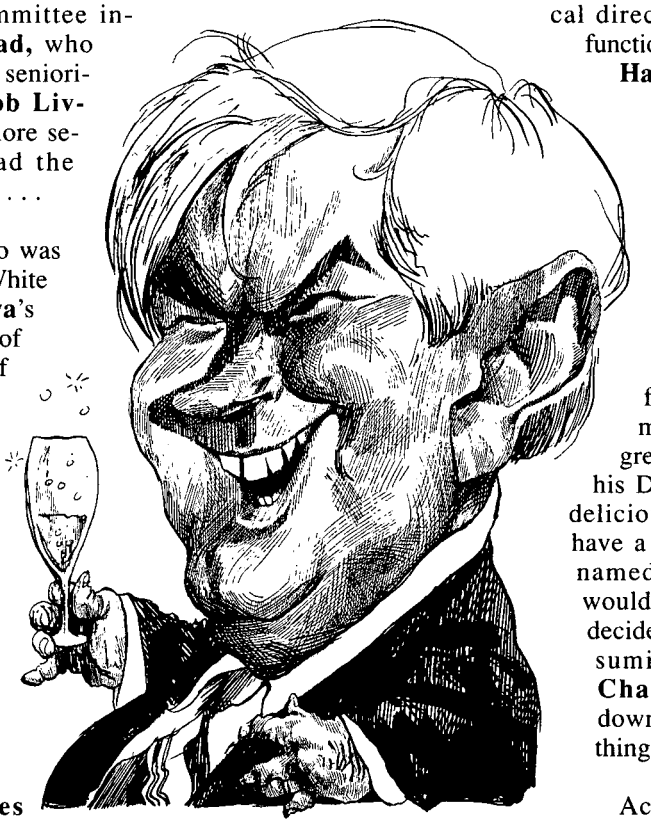
Moynihan's mail fetish. . . What made Carville's Cajun blood boil. . . Will Jesse Helms save Warren Christopher? . . .

F.O.N.s are all the rage on the House side of the apitol. The N, of course, is **Newt Gingrich**. His osest pal, **Bob Walker**, will probably be rewarded ith the majority whip's post. Another F.O.N., **Tom liley**, has already won the chair of the En-·gy and Commerce Committee in-ead of **Carlos Moorhead,** who as entitled to the post by seniori-·. And Gingrich ally **Bob Liv-ıgston** zipped past four more se-ior Republicans to head the ppropriations Committee. . . .

The **Peter Edelman** who was st nominated to fill new White ouse counsel **Abner Mikva**'s d seat on the U.S. Court of ppeals is the husband of **illary Clinton**'s pal from ıe Children's Defense und, **Marian Wright delman**. If you are a beral and a romantic, ɔu'll love the fact that ıe's black and he's Jew-h and what drew them ıgether was a concern ɔout poverty in Missis-ppi when he was on **obby Kennedy**'s staff in e sixties. . . .



CIA director **James /oolsey** recently gave a speech in which he said, ıraq is accelerating construction of deep underground ıelters and tunnels to produce and store weapons of ass destruction." The next week his minions were ıietly explaining how he was really talking about ibya. A paragraph about Libya had mysteriously ɜen inserted into a speech about Iraq. If this doesn't ıp **Aldrich Ames,** it shows the boys are still trying ırd. . . .

John Garamendi, the California insurance ɔmmissioner whose name has been mentioned as a ɔssible deputy for **Bruce Babbitt**, did not enhance his ·ospects by having a $5,000 a plate fundraiser this year which he solicited contributions from representatives insurance companies he is still responsible for regu-ting. Garamendi is trying to raise cash to pay off the ɜbt he owes from his race against **Kathleen Brown** for e Democratic gubernatorial nomination. . . .

Among those *Business Week*'s **Lee Walczak** calls the administration's "undead"—defined as appointees whose influence has faded but who hang on to their jobs—are **Warren Christopher**, **Dee Dee Myers**, **Mark Gearan**, **Mack McLarty**, and, most recently, political director **Joan Bagget**, whose functions have been taken over by **Harold Ickes** and **Doug Sosnik**. . . .

One of my favorite names belongs to **Orson Swindle**, **Ross Perot**'s former campaign manager. To bring you up to date on his career, after leaving Perot Swindle decided to run for Congress from Hawaii but in last month's elections, to my great regret, was defeated by his Democratic opponent. How delicious it would have been to have a Republican representative named Swindle! Of course, it would be even better if he now decides to become a lawyer. Assuming, as I like to do, that **Charles Dickens** is looking down on us today, would anything delight him more? . . .

According to *Quest for the Presidency 1992*, **James Carville** went ballistic after **Betsey Wright** countered **Bush** campaign claims that **Bill Clinton** had raised Arkansas taxes 128 times by announcing that it was really "only 127." "His Cajun blood boiling," the book's authors write, "Carville disappeared from the War Room, got in his car, and drove around the city alone for two hours just to cool off.". . .

Speculation about how **Wright** survived that incident may be settled by this explanation from *Quest* about the **Clinton** camp's view of Wright's relationship with the candidate: "They came to suspect that her hold on him was tighter than he let on—that she was the sole keeper of some back closet with all his skeletons in it. 'She's got her finger on the button,' one aide guessed. 'If he takes her down, she takes him down. It's Mutually Assured Destruction.'". . .

—*Susan Threadgill*

Roman Genn

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The Book on Campaign '92

From the Bushes' irritation with James Baker to Clinton's temper tantrums, a new book about the 1992 race proves how little we really understand about what happens during a campaign

BY JEFFREY H. BIRNBAUM

Quest for the Presidency 1992
Peter Goldman, Thomas M. DeFrank, Mark Miller, Andrew Murr, Tom Mathews
Texas A&M University Press, $29.95

It is fashionable to disparage book-length retellings of presidential campaigns. Ever since the great Theodore White died and mainstream journalism got more nosy, the genre has fallen into disrepute.

On its face, *Quest for the Presidency 1992* doesn't do much to reverse this trend. First of all, it is painfully late. The team of *Newsweek* reporters and writers that produced it was able to churn out an abbreviated version almost immediately after the election was over. But the whole book took two additional years to publish.

And the volume itself, at nearly 800 pages, is twice the length of a standard marketable work on the subject. No doubt that is part of the reason *Quest* has been published by a university press rather than by a more established New York-based house. The result will probably be that few copies will be sold, and that future books like it will face an even harder time finding a mainstream publisher—and audience.

That is too bad. In a steady, unsensationalized way, *Quest* paints portraits of the 1992 contestants, especially Bill Clinton, that are more insightful and, in many ways, more disturbing than the ones the public was privy to before the election. The pictures are not cartoons or quick sketches written on deadline in the haste of a campaign. So perhaps this result—the longer, more elaborate profiles of the men who ran for president—is what makes the *Newsweek* project most worthwhile.

Quest's rendition of the Clinton campaign in particular, reported by Mark Miller, is stingingly accurate and prescient. The quotations from the people Miller encountered in the Clinton hierarchy are not reconstructed; he wrote them down as, or shortly after, he heard them himself. Like the other able reporters on the project, Miller had remarkable access to the campaign's inner sanctum. He was credentialed as a Clinton staffer, wearing a coveted "hard pin" on his lapel, which got him backstage and at times *on* stage for the most significant dramas of the year. In many ways, Miller was treated like a staffer, sitting in on major meetings between Clinton and his top advisors, in exchange for embargoing what he heard until after the election.

That kind of proximity inevitably led to carping by his fellow reporters on the campaign trail. Why should *he* get in there? some of Miller's colleagues wanted to know. Oh, sure, others groused, *Newsweek* doesn't know what Miller is hearing in those meetings—give me a break! And then there was: He's just too inside; he's one of them.

Jeffrey H. Birnbaum covers the White House for The Wall Street Journal *and is a commentator for National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."*

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The product, though, should put an end to any such complaints. Miller and the other *Newsweek* reporters who watched the Perot, Bush, Tsongas, and Kerrey campaigns for *Quest* may have lived in a journalistic gray area in 1992, but it was all for a good cause. *Quest* is chock-full of nuggets and stands as an eloquent argument that the Teddy White genre should not be allowed to die. What Miller and his cohorts have collected is valuable now for everyone who cares about Washington and the presidency, and will be treasured by historians and political buffs. Some examples:

John Ficara/Newsweek

- President Bush was told as early as August 1991 that the economy might falter and that his distance from ordinary people could hurt him. Fred Malek, a business executive and later a campaign chieftain, wrote Bush a memo that said the economy was slipping into recession and "you are perceived as somewhat detached from the problem." Bush wrote a thank you note to Malek and ignored the warning.
- Barbara Bush called James Baker the "Invisible Man." And after the Houston convention went so badly, George Bush himself said aloud of his friend of 30 years, secretary of State, and campaign manager: "You can bet your life Jimmy Baker won't be left holding the bag."
- In a secret program they dubbed the "Manhattan Project," Clinton's handlers conducted a series of focus groups that detailed how deeply voters distrusted their candidate. When a group in Allentown, Pennsylvania, was asked about their doubts about Clinton, the reactions included: "Two-faced"; "He just goes with the flow"; and, "If you asked his favorite color, he'd say, 'Plaid.'"

All too often, Washington journalists strive only for the quick hit, the spicy, high-impact story. The key nowadays is to write something that is so devastating that it will be picked up by the wires and competing newspapers and run with attribution. *Quest* has an element or two that fits this description, and *Newsweek* was quick to capitalize. To highlight the book's publication, the magazine excerpted the book's tale about how close Dan Quayle came to being dumped as vice president in favor of Colin Powell, including efforts in that direction by both George and Barbara Bush.

Temper, Temper

For the most part, however, *Quest* makes its points by unfolding one good anecdote after another, and placing them in context. Each of the stories might not make big news on its own, but together they convey a broader and in many ways truer sense of the men and the circumstances that so dominated the events of the time. Journalism surely could use a little more of the patience the authors of *Quest* displayed in constructing their narrative. The reading public might also be less cynical and better informed if they were able to see more books like it.

Take the many ways we learn in *Quest* that Clinton is not the upbeat, touchy-feely guy he

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would have us believe he is. Instead, he was—and is—prone to brooding and near-violent flashes of temper. On one flight during the primary season Clinton is described this way: "His voice, raw with overuse, was a furious whisper. His fist pounded the armrest in time with each hoarse word. In the seats nearest him, Paul Begala and George Stephanopoulos sat, looking blank and saying nothing; it was useless to argue with Clinton when he was in one of his moods; it was best to shut up and let him ventilate."

We also see how depressed and moody the president can be. At one point, in fact, "his moods become a matter of active concern within the campaign. Robert Reich, a key economic adviser, wrote him a letter urging him to let go of his sense of personal grievance and Stan Greenberg [the pollster], always the bravest of his strategists, scolded him to his face. 'You're feeling sorry for yourself,' he told Clinton bluntly on primary day in Pennsylvania. 'You're too self-absorbed. People aren't going to vote for someone to bring about change unless it's for them, not for you.'"

Spin Cycle

Even when Clinton clinched the Democratic nomination, according to *Quest*, "there was something hollow in the celebration—for his handlers and, apparently, for him. His campaign was becalmed, his image tarnished, his message blurred. Through the long spring, he sank deeper and deeper into that dark mood his people referred to as self-absorption. . . . He turned inward, cultivating his sense of victimization." This sense, and his mood swings, continue to this day, affecting the way the president governs.

The most significant revelation of the book is that despite the Clinton camp's spin that it was consistently disciplined, the campaign and the candidate lacked a coherent direction for

"'IF THIS IS SERIOUS, WHERE'S BAKER?'"

From Quest for the Presidency 1992

Jim Baker had been the de facto deputy president for foreign affairs during the Bush years—a man doing star turns on a world stage and loving every minute of it. Baker's tour as secretary of State had spoiled him with the flatteries of heads of state and the adulation of crowds. When he visited Albania after the fall of Communism there, a half million people spilled into the streets, some for the chance to kiss his limousine. When he made his calls on presidents and prime ministers, he was received not merely as the surrogate of his president but as the premier geopolitician of his day.

He was accordingly made miserable by his recall to his old desk at the White House and, worse yet, to the vulgarities of partisan politics. He regarded it as a large step backward from the eminence he had achieved at State and the advantage it provided him should he someday run for president himself. "I've given up being chief of staff," he told his early petitioners. "I *did* that job.". . .

But he would do it again, although without the determination and loyalty that marked his first stint. He even refused to stand up for the new economic "agenda" Bush laid out in Detroit in September. The president's speech there was meant as the beginning of his renaissance and of Baker's coming out as salesperson-in-chief; he agreed to background reporters after the speech and to do all four of the major weekend chat shows on television. But his loyal-to-a-fault lieutenant Margaret Tutwiler counseled him against it, seeing nothing in it for him. Baker bowed out, and the Bush command was stuck with Nick Brady, the badly bruised secretary of the Treasury, as the hardly new point man for what was to be advertised as a new economic program.

With the switch in casting, the interest of the networks visibly declined. "Nobody takes this seriously," the Bush-Quayle desk officer in charge of talk-show bookings reported. "The question is, 'If this is serious, where's Baker?'" □

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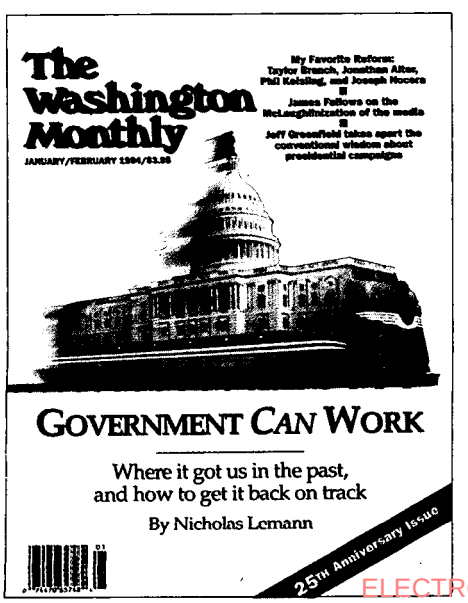

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all but the closing moments of the 1992 race. Every time we turn a page, Clinton is berating his consultants about the need for a strategy and—here's the most overused word of that year—a *message*. It can now be seen that this tendency toward ill-focus was no aberration, but rather a trait of the man that has carried over, to occasionally disastrous effect, into his presidency.

Overall, a reader of *Quest* cannot help thinking how shallow, manipulative, and inherently dishonest the whole enterprise was. We also are reminded how little voters really know about who it is they elect to the highest office in the land. The smoke machine of the Clinton campaign clearly cared more about pleasing focus groups and other modern gauges of the popular whim than in allowing voters to see Clinton for who he is or in laying a serious groundwork for his new government.

Even the grand master manipulator, James Carville, is quoted as saying, "I've had blind dates with women I've known more about than I know about Clinton." Another aide referred to the Clintons' secretiveness as "arrogance" and felt betrayed by it.

Clinton, a control freak, and his equally demanding wife insisted on micromanaging things from the earliest days in the presidential campaign, just as they do now in the White House—with the same ill effects. At one point, "the candidate was serving de facto as his own manager, scheduler and political director, and the resulting organizational problems only got worse as the campaign grew in size. No one was really in charge. The Clintons, by chance or design, had seen to that."

The president's hatred of the national press is also etched in excruciating detail. Clinton and his handlers once worried that journalist Ken Bode would ask tough questions about Gennifer Flowers. "I think I ought to kick his brain hard," Clinton is quoted as saying. "Kick him hard," Hillary Clinton says, encouragingly. And later, when *The New York Times* wrote its first Whitewater piece, Hillary Clinton and others believed that the *Times* was simply out to destroy the campaign, and that should be the Clintons' only response to the story.

Clinton is still complaining about the press, and he also is still fighting the major underlying problem that plagued his campaign: Many people don't trust him. Even Clinton's advisors referred to him among themselves as a "flawed" candidate and worried, just as they do today, that he seems too eager to be all things to all people. "People don't trust Bill Clinton," the campaign chairman, Mickey Kantor, acknowledged during one strategy session. And the candidate himself once conceded, "All people know about me is I'm a jerk."

Now, very few of these stories merit a front-page headline. But that doesn't mean they are not worth reporting, worth reading, or, more important, worth remembering. To the contrary, a well-reasoned, well-paced narrative like *Quest* is a wonderful way to present a vital, dynamic story like the 1992 presidential campaign. It also is an effective way to wring out its lessons. No doubt, the book will be used by students of U.S. politics for years to come, no matter how few might read it today. □

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Memo of the Month

CERTIFICATION PURSUANT TO
SECTION 102(g) OF THE
FOREIGN RELATIONS AUTHORIZATION ACT
FISCAL YEARS 1994 and 1995 (P.L. 103-236)

By virtue of the authority vested in me as the Assistant Secretary of State for International Organizations, including the authority delegated by the Presidential Memorandum of July 26, 1994 and the authority re-delegated by Delegation of Authority No. 214 by the Secretary of State on September 20, 1994, I certify pursuant to section 102(g) of the Foreign Relations Authorization Act, Fiscal Years 1994 and 1995 (P.L. 103-236), that no United Nations agency or United Nations affiliated agency grants any official status, accreditation, or recognition to any organization which promotes, condones, or seeks the legalization of pedophilia, or which includes as a subsidiary or member any such organization.

September 22, 1994

Douglas J. Bennet

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(Mis)Adventures in Foreign Policy

Robert McFarlane's new book is a timely reminder that foreign-policy ineptness can be a bipartisan trait

BY WALTER PINCUS

Special Trust
Robert C. McFarlane and Zofia Smardz, *Cadell and Davies, $25*

Robert C. "Bud" McFarlane's personal memoir, *Special Trust*, gives us an opportunity to look again at the Iran-*contra* affair and other Reagan foreign policy misadventures and remind ourselves what real White House ineptness, secrecy, scandal, contempt for Congress, misuse of government, and destruction of the country's standing abroad are all about.

McFarlane will always be associated in the public mind with a mid-level aide of his at the National Security Council: a Marine lieutenant colonel named Oliver North. And while North may be receding from the political scene after his defeat this November by Chuck Robb in the Virginia Senate race, one of the lessons of McFarlane's book, which covers his 20-year career in the national security bureaucracies and in the White House, is what McFarlane says about North, another striver in uniform working his way up the Washington ladder.

"I came to see that, in fact, Ollie himself never seemed to get the point that however a public servant may feel about what is right in the policy sense, he still must work within a legal framework. Ollie and a lot of other people in this town of Washington approach the political milieu from a 'them and us' perspective, a belief that when it comes to ideological struggle, what's right is determined by who wins. All's fair in that contest, they say, and to believe otherwise is naive."

In one telling anecdote, McFarlane describes how, soon after news of the arms shipments to Iran broke, North rushed up to him in a crowded room of people who were trying to put together a chronology of the Iran initiative and insisted to McFarlane that they had not known about the shipments until January 1986, well after the true date. "Today," McFarlane writes, "I see that as a vintage North snow job: Give the guy the bum's rush, don't let him think. . . [then] give him some artificial reason for why it's not arguable and then get on with it."

McFarlane, who viewed himself as a foreign policy mover-and-shaker because of his prior associations with Henry Kissinger (McFarlane was his military aide) and Al Haig (McFarlane was counselor in his State Department), relates how he started the ball rolling on what became the biggest scandal in the Reagan administration. The key moment came on July 3, 1985, when the director general of the Israeli Foreign Ministry, David Kimche, dropped by.

In a "let's meet alone for a minute in your White House office" meeting with McFarlane, Kimche spun out the well-worn tale of "dissident" Iranians who wanted to overthrow the fundamentalist regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini but needed U.S. support. (The Israelis have a longstanding interest in keeping a door open to Iran as a counterbalance to the virulently anti-Israeli Iraq.) In this opening gambit, the Iranians wanted to prove their bona fides, so they offered to win release of Americans then held hostage in Beirut as evidence of their influence in Tehran. To show this was not some off-the-cuff idea, Kimche even discussed where in Beirut or elsewhere U.S. forces could pick up the freed men.

Walter Pincus is a reporter for The Washington Post.

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"There was no request for arms or quid pro quo," McFarlane notes in an obvious attempt to signal us that somehow, up to then, it was a legitimate deal.

McFarlane discloses for the first time that once Kimche had captured his interest, another aspect of the plan emerged that first day. The dissident Iranians or the Israelis—or both—had plans to kill Khomeini. Although McFarlane was fully prepared to enter into secret negotiations with some unknown Iranian "dissidents" to get American hostages back, he "pressed back . . . decisively"—against Kimche's persistence—that "we cannot engage with you in an enterprise in which anyone's purpose is to assassinate the Ayatollah." At that point, McFarlane reports, Kimche "yielded, saying, 'all right, that's clear.'"

Anyone with a modicum of common sense would have called things off that day, but not McFarlane. Although he had made not killing Khomeini "clear," all the other parts of the deal became less clear and changed sharply without McFarlane or his successors backing out. It started within a month, when he accepted the notion that the White House had to provide its bona fides in the form of arms demanded by and given to the "dissidents," who turned out to be elements of the Khomeini regime.

Iran-*contra* is just one example of why we should be very wary of condeming the Clinton administration too harshly for its foreign policy blunders. According to McFarlane's account, when it comes to international affairs, Republicans may be the ones who really need to be watched.

Compare the performances he portrays on Lebanon in 1982-1983 of Reagan, Defense Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger, and McFarlane, to the actions of Clinton and then-Defense Secretary Les Aspin in Somalia and elsewhere.

Weinberger openly opposed sending the Marines to Lebanon in the first place. They first went in August with other forces to oversee the evacuation of PLO fighters. In September, when the PLO units had left but before the Lebanese could take over, Weinberger ordered the Marines back aboard their ships "without consultation or notification" with his own commander-in-chief or the White House. That led to the other peacekeeping force's withdrawal, setting the stage for Phalange militiamen to slaughter "more than 600 unarmed women, children, elderly and disabled." McFarlane sums it up this way: "For Weinberger to have precipitated the betrayal of [U.S. diplomat] Phil Habib's pledge to the Palestinians without so much as a phone call to the Secretary of State or the President was criminally irresponsible."

If that weren't enough, McFarlane recalls that Reagan, in response in late September 1982, sent a Marine amphibious unit back to Beirut "out of guilt and compassion, purely as moral support [to the Lebanese government], without clarity or analysis beyond that level." A year later, 241 of those Marines were killed in a suicide bomb attack on their poorly protected compound. But that was not the end of this Reagan administration foul-up.

As McFarlane puts it, "We knew we had to react. Reagan, after all, had always promised that this government would provide 'swift and effective retribution' against terrorists." McFarlane then chronicles in exquisite detail how no such thing took place.

First, the Pentagon resisted expanding the rules of engagement for the Marines that remained in Lebanon and, McFarlane wrote, he believed that "as a result of the bombing, Cap Weinberger adopted an absolute commitment to get us out of Lebanon as soon as possible."

Then he describes how Reagan approved a retaliatory strike on a building in the Bekaa Valley where the CIA had traced the Iranian-run, Shia Muslim commando unit considered to be the instigators of the bombing. The Sixth Fleet commander reported he was ready to strike but never got the order. The reason, McFarlane writes, is that Weinberger called him and said, "I had a request [to strike], but I denied it." In McFarlane's version, Weinberger said, "I just don't think it was the right thing to do."

And what happened when McFarlane told Reagan that his presidential order, approved at a White House meeting, had been countermanded by Weinberger? The president, whose supposed strength and toughness have often been used to underscore Clinton's alleged waffling, responded: "Gosh, that's real disappointing. That's terrible. We should have blown the daylights out of them. I just don't understand."

There are more events, just as frankly portrayed and illustrative of how little we knew at the time. Reading the book becomes worthwhile not only for what it tells us about McFarlane, but as a reality check when we talk today about foreign affairs under the Clinton administration. Foreign policy wasn't handled better back then—public relations and the press were. □

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Southern Discomfort

A new book about the South between the thirties and the sixties makes the case in these anti-government times that without Washington, Jim Crow would still be king

BY PETER APPLEBOME

Speak Now Against the Day
John Egerton, *Alfred A. Knopf, $35*

From the Civil War through the civil rights movement, it took only one look at the South to make everyone else feel prosperous and virtuous by comparison. In the twenties, H.L. Mencken famously depicted the region as a "Holy Land for imbeciles," a place "almost as sterile, artistically, intellectually, culturally as the Sahara desert." What is less well known is that even natives poured on the invective from time to time. Witherspoon Dodge, a South Carolina clergyman, proclaimed in 1939 that the South is isolated from the rest of the United States "by mountains of pride and rivers of prejudice and valleys of ignorance and swamps of reactionary stupidity, and every now and then washed out with floods of lawlessness."

In this exhaustive and passionate examination of the years between Franklin Roosevelt's first election in 1932 and the *Brown v. Board of Education* ruling in 1954, John Egerton, like Dodge, hardly lets his native region off the hook. Egerton, however, tells this story from a point of view that is frequently overlooked. He chronicles the efforts of Southern progressives to deal constructively with race and the ways those efforts were routinely swatted aside like gnats by the Bilbos, Talmadges, Rankins, and Eastlands who were elected by Southern whites to uphold the old order.

Peter Applebome, the Atlanta bureau chief of The New York Times *for the last five years, is now the paper's national education correspondent.*

It's a depressing story, powerfully told, and it shoots bullets through whatever case anyone could ever hope to make that the South might have dealt with its racial ills on its own had the meddlesome courts not thrown the region into turmoil in 1954. The federal intervention to force integration is one of the great accomplishments of the federal government in this century, a reminder in these reflexively anti-government days of the good that can be done from Washington.

Egerton, from his perch in Nashville, has spent most of his career writing about the two eternal verities of Southern life—race and home cooking—and is one of the great spirits of the doomed and dwindling tribe of Southern liberals. Like the best of his brethren, he simultaneously loves a place that has so often been morally repulsive and hates a place that has so often been a rich wellspring of faith, community, history, and grace. His book is animated by both emotions. On one level it is a belated homage to the generation of progressives, white and black, who tried to achieve some measure of racial justice in the Jim Crow South against impossible odds. There are black intellectuals like James Weldon Johnson, Mary McLeod Bethune, and Benjamin Mays; white political activists like Howard Kester, Don West, and Aubrey Williams; journalists like Ralph McGill, Barry Bingham, and Hodding Carter. There are organizations like the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, the South-

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ern Conference for Human Welfare, and the Southern Regional Council. Given the Balkanized politics of the nineties, there is something instructive and inspiring about an era in which black and white progressives sought common ground to a greater degree than they do now.

To be sure, many, if not most, of the whites pursued agendas that fell far short of the whole-hearted condemnation of Jim Crow most of their black counterparts sought. Many evoked a genteel sort of white supremacy whose main goal was a system that truly delivered on the South's empty promise of separate but equal. Still, Egerton, who researched this book with the fervor of someone digging deeper and deeper into his own soul, tells some remarkable and heroic stories. There is Judge J. Waties Waring of Charleston, who became the most hated man in South Carolina in 1947 when he ruled South Carolina's white primary unconstitutional, foreshadowing the role federal judges would play in forcing the issue of race in the South. There is Frank Porter Graham, the former president of the University of North Carolina and the most respected Southern liberal of his time. Graham was voted out of the U.S. Senate after being the target of a race-baiting campaign that marked the political debut of young Jesse Helms, then an aide to Graham's opponent, Willis Smith. In the end, there is J.A. DeLaine in Summerton, South Carolina, L. Francis Griffin in Farmville, Virginia, and the other black plaintiffs who took their lives in their hands to file the lawsuits that eventually led to the *Brown* decision.

Still, instead of vindicating the South, Egerton's heroes only underscore how dismal the public and political response was to their efforts. More telling than the lonely voices of moderation in the South is the almost unbroken parade of defenders of the old faith who led the charge against racial moderation and social reform. "The voters will always forget," the notorious Mississippi demagogue Theodore Bilbo used to say, but few Southern politicians ever forgot the historian Ulrich B. Phillips' adage that what bonded white Southerners together was the conviction that the South would always be "a white man's country."

The book is most affecting when it focuses on the period just after World War II when tens of thousands of white and black Southerners returned home from defeating racism and totalitarianism overseas only to confront it at home. The war against fascism, the gallant efforts of black troops, the rising prosperity, and the self-confident national mood created a perfect environment for addressing a racial situation most Southerners knew in their hearts could not stand. But it didn't take long to see that the forces of the past were much stronger than those who tried to defeat them. "White supremacy is going to die a hard death—almost as hard as slavery's," the writer Stetson Kennedy said. "It will take the South approximately as long to get over the death of Jim Crow as it is taking to get over the passing of Old Black Joe, the slave."

Of course, the lurid violence, racial apartheid, and bitter isolation of the Jim Crow South are largely gone. Now it's Southerners who look down on Yankees stuck in dying, racially divided cities. But particularly in the wake of the devastating Republican tide in this year's elections, there's a lot that's eerily contemporary about Egerton's narrative. A coalition of Republicans and conservative Southern Democrats had taken the steam out of the New Deal by the time World War II began, and the same coalition was there to thwart Harry Truman as well. Bill Clinton may be no Roosevelt or Truman, and his Southern tormentors are suburban Republicans, not rural Democrats, but then as now, it is the South that has been the biggest obstacle to Democratic reform. The difference now, of course, is that the New Deal coalition has collapsed and the conservative coalition is the dominant force in both houses of Congress.

But Egerton's book isn't just about the South after all. He makes it clear in one case after another that the North wasn't much more hospitable to blacks than was the South. Race riots were the North's answer to lynching. Laws and practices mandating racial separation in the North before the Civil War created the model for Jim Crow in the South after the war. Egerton never lets us forget that it was only the form, not the content, of racial division that separated the North from the South even during

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the South's most benighted days. "There was a common expression for this anomaly," he writes. "In the South it doesn't matter how close Negroes get as long as they don't get too high; in the North, it doesn't matter how high they get as long as they don't get too close. Segregation was not the law up North, but it was the fact." And as the 1994 election made crushingly clear, nearly all of the traditional Southern fixations on race, conservative values, and white resentment have now become those of the rest of the nation. Indeed, who could have imagined that the Helmses and Thurmonds, steeped in Old Southern ways, could possibly be congressional titans in 1995?

The effect of Egerton's book, therefore, should be far less comforting and simple than the missed opportunities of the South's bitter past. What happened in the South before the *Brown* decision is the story of race in America, of change made only under duress, of politicians who know racial polarization is a more effective tool than racial harmony, of opportunities lost and risks not taken, North and South. The self-defeating isolation and insularity so pervasive in black political thought these days makes an easy target. Much of the current African-American political agenda, like the racial gerrymandering that is electing blacks from largely black districts in the South and in the process creating a larger block of white Republican districts around them, may be deeply flawed.

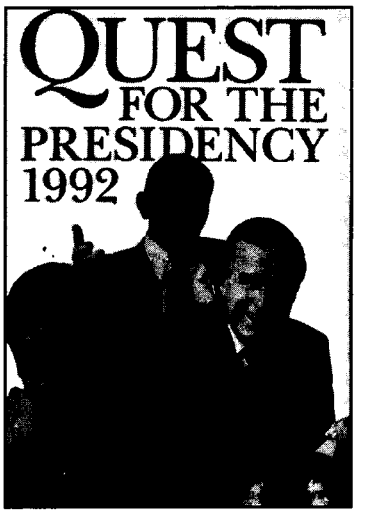
But if Egerton's book tells us anything, it's how little blacks have been able to depend on whites to deliver racial justice. It would be nice if this were just a parable of the bad old days in the South. But Gunnar Myrdal got it right back in 1944 when he called his classic treatise on race "An American Dilemma," not "A Southern Dilemma," and presciently predicted it was only a matter of time before the North faced racial problems as severe as those in the South. A half century ago, black sociologist and author Gordon Blaine Hancock wrote: "Unless white leaders are willing to risk something. . . to live dangerously for noble ends, then we are hopelessly lost." In the era of *The Bell Curve* and Newt Gingrich, the words ring as true now as they did then. □

QUEST FOR THE PRESIDENCY 1992

Peter Goldman, Thomas M. DeFrank, Mark Miller, Andrew Murr, Tom Mathews

With unparalleled access to the candidates, their handlers, and their campaigns, *Newsweek*'s award-winning team of reporters gathered details known only in the candidates' camps. "Full of revelations and witty turns of phrase, this crackling report provides a unique window on the contenders' maneuverings . . . "—*Publishers Weekly*, starred review

" . . . one of the very best of its genre . . . the book is especially instructive about Mr. Clinton's temperament and the role of his wife."—*New York Times Book Review*. 800 pp. 61 b&w photos. $29.95



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Political Booknotes

Lenin: A New Biography
Dmitri Volkogonov,
Translated by Harold Shukman
Free Press, $30
By Peter Pringle

The picture is of Lenin sitting at his desk in the Kremlin, scribbling yet another of his endless orders, notes, and jottings having to do with the running of the Russian Revolution. But this one is not about purging generals, executing White Russians, sending landowners into exile, or expelling wayward party members. This is an instruction about "sanitary rules for the inhabitants of the Kremlin." It reads, "All those arriving [by train] shall before entering their accommodation take a bath and hand the dirty clothes to the disinfector [at the baths] . . . Anyone refusing to obey the sanitary regulations will be expelled from the Kremlin at once and tried for causing social harm."

Tried for causing social harm? For being scruffy? With such stories, some never before told, the indefatigable Russian military historian Dmitri Volkogonov has given us a glimpse of the Lenin that official Soviet historians did not want anyone to know: of how Lenin, leader of the people's revolution, laid the foundations of the gulags and cruel repression of the church and the intelligentsia, and of how he launched a cult of personality. In this first look at long secret Communist archives, Volkogonov finds Lenin becoming "maniacally ruthless in his use of unbridled violence"—overseeing orders to shoot on the spot those citizens who refused to give their names and to immediately execute the eldest member of a family which concealed weapons. "We did not realize," writes Volkogonov, "that despite the common sense of his ideas on cooperative farming, Lenin was always profoundly hostile to the peasants."

To go on a search of these archives with Volkogonov is to be led behind a massive steel door in the basement of the former Central Committee Building in Moscow's Staraya Square and to emerge with Lenin in a devil's costume, fangs bared, tail twitching, terrorizing the populace. In this vault, on special shelves, in special metal boxes, Volkogonov, formerly a Stalinist army officer and now a liberal historian of Soviet history, was the first to be given access to more than 6,000 of Lenin's unpublished documents.

The cause—the Great Idea—for which Lenin fought so uncompromisingly and for which millions lost their lives now lies in ruins, its idols literally toppled from their plinths, its socialist icons torn down. It is now up to historians like Volkogonov to use the new material emerging from the disorganized Moscow archives and assess Lenin's role in the 74-year experiment of Soviet communism. Volkogonov admits, "It is hard to write this"; hard for him especially because he was one of those taken in by the idea. After a lifetime of service, he had to conclude, along with millions of others, that Leninism was a huge, cruel mistake. Given the chance to examine "Father Lenin," a man who was often pictured as a more humane figure than some of his successors, Volkogonov is convinced that nothing good could have come of the experiment, not the way Lenin ran the affairs of state.

As Director of the Institute of Military History and an army colonel-general who remembers how he wept with the other young lieutenants at Stalin's funeral, Volkogonov was allowed into the secret Central Committee and other archives as *perestroika* was born. He was trusted. In his loyalty to the Motherland, he had set aside the fact that his father was shot in 1937 for possessing "politically questionable printed matter," and that his mother died in exile. He dug out material in the archives others had rejected as politically unacceptable and published, first in Russia in 1988, a long critique of Stalin.

After the failure of the 1991 coup against Gorbachev, Volkogonov was given access to the secret Lenin cache—documents which had been carefully excised from the five party-sanctioned editions of Lenin's collected works. In a masterly first distillation of these and thousands of other pages from Soviet archives, plus a full range of Western sources, Volkogonov has mounted a powerful offensive on the most celebrated Communist icon. He includes additional documentation on Lenin's genealogy—the Leader was not of proletarian or even poor peasant origin, as his Soviet biographers contended. Lenin's paternal grandfather was a Russian town-dweller who earned a living as a tailor, and his father was a teacher of physics and math. His mother was the daughter of a Jewish doctor. There is new, though still inconclusive, documentation on the German funding of the Bolsheviks during World War I. And there are letters—true gems—concerning Lenin's friendship with his revolutionary companion, Inessa Armand. The official Soviet editors had long suppressed the numerous letters between the two—especially one in which Lenin, in a moment of romantic weakness, admits he can't "come to his senses" because her letters were so full of sadness after their separation. Finally, there is a fresh picture of the dying Lenin, beset with heart attacks and loss of speech.

This is not ordinary biography. It does not begin at the birth and end with the death. It does not linger on the human interest side of Lenin as, for example, Ronald Clark did in the last Western biography, published in 1988. There is no Chekhovian picture of Uncle Illyich.

In his eagerness to pillory Lenin, Volkogonov overreaches, trying to

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blame Lenin for the excesses of Stalin. Volkogonov claims, "By his actions Lenin taught Stalin ruthlessness, his implacability, his cunning, his purposefulness. . . ." Are we really to think such traits did not come naturally to Stalin?

"Close association with Lenin," Volkogonov writes, "may have taught Stalin a foul-mouthed intolerance of inadequate officials." Volkogonov found a memo Lenin sent to Stalin in 1922 complaining about the financial experts he and Kamenev had taken on. Lenin wrote, "We'll always be able to find shit-awful experts; let's start with some sensible ones . . . you've got to straighten out these useless swine who can't present accounts . . . Teach these arseholes some responsibility about producing complete and accurate figures . . ." (Of course, Stalin needed little help in becoming foul-mouthed and tyrannical.)

No one would challenge Volkogonov's assertion that having destroyed first the Tsarist and then the bourgeois dictatorship, Lenin replaced them by the dictatorship of his Party. Nor that Lenin was a utopian fanatic. But Volkogonov goes much further. "The appalling purges of the 1930s are commonly associated with the name of Stalin, but the true father of the Bolshevik concentration camps, the executions, [and] the mass terror . . . was Lenin." Against the background of Lenin's terror it becomes easier to understand Stalin's inquisitions, he says. "Lenin did not merely inspire revolutionary terror, he was also the first to make it into a state institution." Easier to understand, yes, but, again, should Lenin bear the responsibility for what Stalin did in a time of peace?

Volkogonov recalls how Stalin combed the archives and the world after Lenin's death, paying huge sums for any of Lenin's letters and notes so he could be sole interpreter of Leninism. The result was not only the removal of thousands of documents from academic study but also, as Volkogonov says, Stalin's "invulnerability, his diabolical strength was his monopoly on Lenin."

And yet Lenin was open to many interpretations. "As a theorist, Lenin was profoundly contradictory," Volkogonov writes, "a fact for which his successors were profoundly grateful, since they were always able to find the appropriate quotation . . . "

And so the debate will continue.

Peter Pringle is the New York correspondent for The Independent *of London.*

Just Good Politics: The Life of Raymond Chafin, Appalachian Boss

Raymond Chafin and Topper Sherwood
University of Pittsburgh Press, $24.95
By Joe Savage

After the 1960 primary in West Virginia, John Kennedy joked that he'd received a telegram from his father pleading: "Don't buy another vote. I won't pay for a landslide."

While it is true that JFK confronted the "Catholic issue" in Bible-belt West Virginia and put it to rest by defeating Hubert Humphrey in the Democratic primary there, it is also clear from this autobiography of Chafin, the longtime Democratic boss of Logan County in southern West Virginia, that this act of ecumenical voting was aided by a long-established system of voter bribery in the boss-dominated coal fields. This intersection of Camelot with a part of the country riddled with illiteracy, teenage pregnancy, substandard housing, poverty, and isolation provides an opening for some insights on corrupt political systems everywhere.

Although Humphrey spread some campaign money around West Virginia, too, when it came to serious cash "he'd never come through with anything," Chafin says. Chafin attributes his personal support for Kennedy exclusively to his assessment of who would be best for West Virginia, his admiration for Jacqueline Kennedy after meeting her during the campaign, and his own wife and daughter's growing excitement about JFK. It is portrayed as simply coincidental that after receiving $2,000 from Humphrey, he pledged his support to the Minnesota senator but switched to Kennedy when he received $35,000 cash in two briefcases at the Logan County airport from Kennedy operatives the week before the primary. While he says the amount was "a mistake"—he'd only asked for $3,500—Chafin reassures his readers that he spent it all on election activity, including illegal vote-buying, and did not pocket any of the cash himself.

Chafin describes how the mechanics of vote-buying requires the cooperation of both Republicans and Democrats at the polling places. Voters willing to sell their ballot ask a poll watcher for "assistance." By law, these poll watchers are from both parties. They "assist" the voter by casting the ballot for the slate he's going to be paid to vote for and then signal outside the "house" that the vote had been cast, allowing campaign workers in the yard to make the promised payment.

Then and now, in exchange for playing along with the corrupt system, the heavily outnumbered Republicans in southern West Virginia receive token government positions (today it is usually a seat on the school board). Ultimately there's just one party: the bosses.

Chafin acknowledges that he's not pure—"no halo over [my] head"—but he's convinced he's better than the alternative. Electing candidates based on TV ads, Chafin laments, depersonalizes politics while allowing wholesale corruption through false and misleading political advertising. He prefers his corruption retail and, in his view at least, he delivered for his people.

His achievements after more than 40 years of "public service" were getting a handful of roads and bridges constructed, a couple of schools repaired or replaced, a courthouse built, and, naturally, jobs for some friends and family members.

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Unfortunately, parts of this book are so parochial that for some people it will reinforce the comfortable notion that Appalachia is not like the rest of the country. This will be seen as a book about "them," the quirky mountaineers whose idiosyncrasies make them distinct from the rest of us. That would be a mistake. The underlying causes of corruption are universal.

Take Chelsea, Massachusetts, the state's smallest city. While it sits just across the harbor from the cradle of democracy, since the 1940s each Chelsea generation has witnessed revelations of criminal activity by the last four mayors, six police officers, a state representative, business leaders, and others, much of it having to do with illegal cash in elections. At the sentencings, some sought to emphasize that they did not invent the system and were themselves, in some sense, victims of it. This view is similar to that of the defendant in West Virginia who told a federal judge at his guilty pleading that he "knowed it was wrong but didn't know it was prison wrong."

Isolation and "colonial" economics would seem to be the two biggest factors in creating a climate for corruption. While patronage and politics matter at all economic levels, systemic political corruption has not flourished in upwardly mobile, middle-class America. There, change and diversity are common; people move in; new ideas come with them; opportunity exists despite high levels of cynicism and most people believe that if the political system operates fairly, they will be better off even when particular government decisions may not be to their liking.

But in Appalachia, or Chelsea, or other places that have little left of a middle class, people move in only one direction: out. They commonly say in the coal fields of West Virginia that the three "R"s taught at school are reading, 'riting, and Route 23 to Columbus, Ohio. Chelsea, too, has watched many of its best and most productive citizens leave. For those left behind, isolation—geographic and sometimes ethnic and economic—is the fact of life: You may be "up the Hollow" in Appalachia or under the Tobin Bridge in Chelsea, but in either case you are out of sight and out of mind. This is the perfect breeding ground for corrupt behavior.

There were, for example, no successful vote buying prosecutions in West Virginia until the late 1980s in part because of a sense that juries would be unlikely to condemn such behavior by their neighbors and friends.

Repeatedly, at their sentencings, convicted politicians in West Virginia produce petitions signed by hundreds attesting to their incorruptibility. One drug-dealing fire chief and local political boss was met by the fire truck and paraded through town for a hero's welcome during a brief release from custody as he awaited the start of a 10-year sentence. But this is not solely a West Virginia phenomenon. That small town atmosphere thrives in Chelsea, where 28,000 people are settled into 1.7 square miles. And also in Massachusetts history, we've reelected a congressman convicted of tax evasion and let a Boston mayor interrupt his term of office to serve a prison sentence—at full pay.

While isolation and insularity allow corruption to thrive, no factor is more important than economics. In West Virginia, the economic disparity in the typical coal field county, for example, is stark: Upward of two-thirds of the population depend on some form of government assistance while as much as four-fifths of the land is owned by out-of-state or international conglomerates. It is truly a colonial economic system. Economically, Chelsea is Appalachia at Boston's doorstep. The city is in the top three for poverty rates in the state and absentee landlords own nearly three-fourths of its residential property.

Government and politics have a much different meaning to the absentee corporate interests and to the poor in these colonial-type economies than they do to most Americans. To one wealthy businessman in Chelsea, whether the city would designate his property for development was so financially important to him that it was worth bribing a mayor; in West Virginia, maintaining low real estate assessments on coal property or nonenforcement of health, safety, and other laws are all worth paying bribes for.

The poor also have a lot at stake. Frequently the only employed member of a family in a rural southern West Virginia county will have a government job courtesy of the political machine. To protect that school bus driver job or to avoid the threat of losing your welfare, the poor cooperate with the political machine by selling their vote, buying the vote of others, or just ignoring the fundamental corruption in the system.

In that respect, Chafin's jobs with the coal companies and his role as political boss go hand in hand. His book, for example, totally overlooks one of the major historical events of his county's history: the devastating Buffalo Creek flood that killed more than 125 people in 1972 after an illegal dam built by a coal company broke just after dawn, and a wall of black water washed away several communities as the families slept. The vestiges of that horrifying event remain in Logan to this day, but they won't be found in this book. The extent of Chafin's criticisms of the coal companies are limited to mild references to the fact that strip-mined hillsides ought to be reseeded. Since they "are making plenty of money," he boldly asserts there's "no need for them to come in and just tear us all to pieces." Yet, as low a standard as this is, there is no suggestion anywhere that the Chafin political machine ever tried to hold a coal company to it.

Politics to Chafin was not about reform, it mostly was an end in itself—"I never wanted much for

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myself," Chafin says, "I just wanted to win 'em." One might add that from all indications he wanted very little for his constituents as well.

Joe Savage is chief of the Public Corruption Unit in the Boston U.S. attorney's office and was previously an assistant U.S. attorney in West Virginia.

What Went Wrong? The Creation and Collapse of the Black-Jewish Alliance

Murray Friedman
Free Press, $24.95

By John Herbers

When I was covering the civil rights movement for *The New York Times* in the South during the sixties, I often marveled that what I was witnessing was a super-charged force of urban northern Jews and rural black Christians. The Negroes, as they called themselves at the opening of the decade, provided the bodies and the rhetoric. The Jews furnished the money and the lawyers. Together they formed and executed the strategy that achieved a most remarkable revolution with a minimal loss of lives and property. It was, of course, not quite that simple. But despite tensions on both sides, it seemed at the time that this union of disparate communities was strong enough to weather any storm.

The alliance, however, began to break up even before it achieved its crowning prize, the Voting Rights Act of 1965, and soon splintered in acrimony that has endured to this day. In *What Went Wrong?*, Murray Friedman has written a history of the alliance and an analysis of the breakup largely out of concern that the historical record is in danger of being badly distorted by the emotional revisionism of the past three decades.

Friedman makes no pretense of being a disinterested observer. A former vice-chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, he is the Middle-Atlantic states director of the American Jewish Committee and heads the Center for American Jewish History at Temple University. He draws on a large body of research in an effort to put to rest such spurious charges by some African-Americans that Jews were largely responsible for slavery in America; that they were and are oppressors rather than supporters of the poor black minority; and that they are enemy number one of what remains of the civil rights movement.

Just one example of the radical change among many African-American leaders concerns Stokeley Carmichael, one of the black leaders in the 1964 Mississippi Freedom Summer, and the late Allard K. Lowenstein, a leading Jewish organizer in the movement. While spending a night of terror together in Greenwood, Mississippi, as angry mobs threatened their lives, the two men shared what Lowenstein later called a "deep sense of mutual affection and respect." Friedman writes: "One wonders what his reaction might be today to the spectacle of Carmichael, now 'Kwame Toure,' touring college campuses and attacking Zionist Jews in the bitterest terms."

But the Jewish crusaders have changed, too, Friedman acknowledges. Thirty years later, they are further from their roots as an oppressed urban minority, many of their most liberal leaders have become neoconservatives, and their support of other minorities has been tempered by such developments as affirmative action hiring practices that they fear could become a hated quota system.

The depth of the change became apparent to me in 1986 after a senior editor of *The New York Times Magazine* asked me to do an article on the then still-emerging split between Jews and blacks. I decided to approach the subject by what I knew to be the good-will efforts of some Jewish leaders to heal the breach. But after two weeks of research, I was called to New York to discuss the matter. Somehow an official of the Anti-Defamation League whom I had known in the South during the civil rights struggle had been brought in for the discussion at the newspaper. I remembered him as a man of contagious warmth who moved into dangerous areas of conflict and skillfully persuaded white leaders to be conciliatory toward black protesters. Now, however, he showed no interest in conciliation. He was angry, cold, and withdrawn. The Jewish-black conflict had long been a sensitive subject, a mine field for reporters. I got the message and withdrew from the assignment before my approach could be rejected outright.

But Friedman is interested in healing the breach, as are many other Jewish leaders. He believes the first step in doing so is to bring about an awareness of how unselfishly and deeply involved Jews were in the civil rights movement. His book documents how their involvement was more extensive than was generally known at the time and how it is now denied by the revisionists. A great number of Jews put their lives on the line for black rights. It is still little known, for example, that the closest friend, advisor, and money-raiser for Martin Luther King, Jr. was Samuel Levison of New York, who was not present for the King campaigns but spent countless hours on the telephone with him. Many of those involved believe King's successes might not have been possible without Levison's help. Keeping such memories alive, Friedman believes, is the best means of bringing about a reconciliation.

There has been no rational explanation for the extent of the vitriol that some black separatists have spewed about Jews, and Friedman does not try to explain the dark psychological roots of the phenomenon. There is no doubt the attacks have hurt the cause of millions of African-Americans who have no part in it, just as no racial separatist movement has succeeded in our history. But Friedman does find some marginal improvement in relations between blacks and Jews. He attributes this to peace talks in the Middle East, the fact that many moderate black leaders have condemned

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inflamed rhetoric, and that Jesse Jackson, the nation's best-known black leader, has become more conciliatory toward Jews in recent years.

Yet distrust continues and Friedman suggests that the conflict might be eased if the two sides simply stay out of each other's way and each address their own problems. This solution is disappointing and seems a bit naive. Jews still face anti-Semitism in America and threats to the Jewish religion and culture through assimilation. But their problems are nothing like those facing African-Americans. About a third of the African-American population is being severely damaged by continuing poverty, joblessness and destruction of families.

In light of that fact, the same degree of concern that swept through the Jewish community in the sixties for the oppressed would be a welcome healing influence today.

John Herbers, a retired reporter and editor for The New York Times, *covered the civil rights movement in the South and nationally for three decades.*

The Hot Zone
Richard Preston
Random House, $23
By Timothy Noah

It's easy to sneer at this book. Packaged as a nonfiction knockoff of Michael Crichton's *The Andromeda Strain*, with hokey graphics ("Processing. . . You are cleared to enter. . ." reads some fake computer type that precedes the first chapter), cheesy jacket blurbs from Robert Redford and Stephen King, and occasionally hyperbolic prose, *The Hot Zone* seems targeted like a cruise missile for the best-seller list. But even if Random House hadn't tarted up Preston's expanded version of his *New Yorker* piece about a deadly jungle virus run amok in suburban Washington, this book would have been a runaway hit. With a little careful editing, Preston could have produced a work of nonfiction on the order of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* and Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*. As it is, he has merely written a tremendously gripping, superbly reported narrative just a notch or two below those classics.

The Hot Zone tells the story of the Ebola and Marburg viruses, two uniquely horrible diseases that had several deadly outbreaks in Africa over the past two decades. Both viruses cause the body to "crash and bleed," as Preston puts it, a disgusting and torturous way to die whose details I lack the stomach to elaborate here. Suffice it to say that in 1989 a strain of Ebola, the more terrifying of the two diseases, found its way into a Reston, Virginia, warehouse via a shipment of monkeys from the Philippines, causing a mild panic within the medical community.

Reston is a suburb of Washington, where a few readers of this magazine live, including me. Indeed, I lived here in 1989 but didn't have a clue about the Ebola scare. Preston reports with some glee that *The Washington Post* botched its front-page story on the matter by stating, incorrectly, that the monkeys had "been destroyed as a precaution" at a time when they most emphatically had not been destroyed, and when quite a few scientists were nervously trying to figure out how to destroy them without contracting the disease. (He could have added, but didn't, that the *Post* had been scooped by the suburban *Journal* newspaper chain.) The *Post* did a creditable job on subsequent stories, but those ran mainly in the Metro section.

Well, now I know. The doctors, who were working at least as hard on news containment as they were on biocontainment, were considerably less sanguine about the prospects of averting a deadly epidemic than they let on. This is a nightmare for those of us who tend to believe scientific experts when they tell us confidently that this or that environmental or health risk is really minimal. Preston also does a marvelous job showing how even the Army's daredevil virus hunters who unwittingly exposed themselves to Ebola failed to quarantine themselves to protect the population at large. These folks knew better than anyone else the potential danger they posed, but somehow the need to pick up the kids from school, or to go out with some pals for a drink, or whatever, came first.

Ebola Reston, as the strain is now known, did end up jumping from the monkeys into the bodies of a few homo sapiens, but for reasons not totally understood it didn't make them sick; some tiny genetic difference between Ebola Reston and its deadly near-identical twin, Ebola Zaire, averted calamity. Had this not proven the case, Washington probably would have had a gruesome epidemic on its hands. The number of deaths might not have been impressive—viruses as deadly as Ebola kill too quickly to allow for wide transmission—but you can bet there would have been hysteria in the nation's capital.

Timothy Noah is a reporter in the Washington bureau of The Wall Street Journal.

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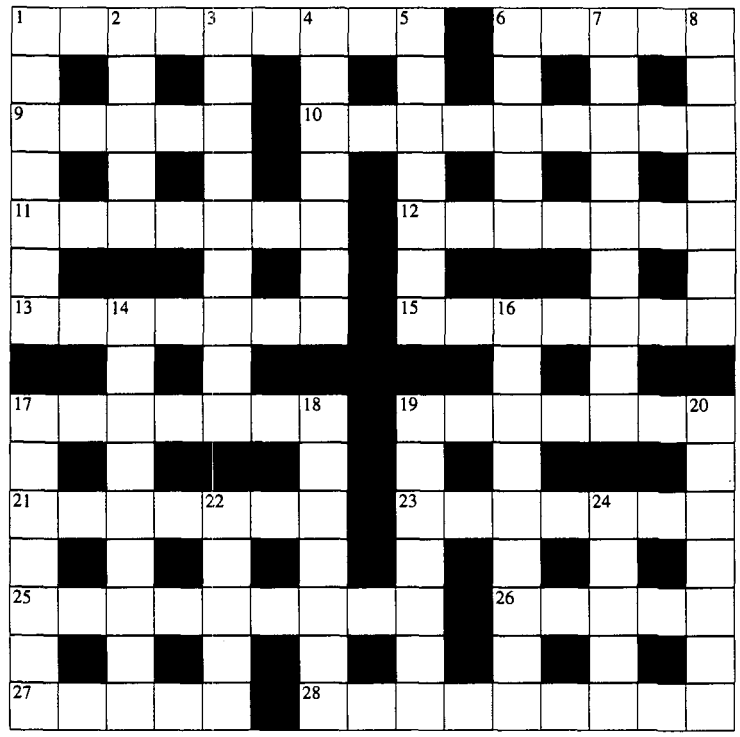
Political Puzzle

BY JOHN BARCLAY

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g. (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g. USA, are treated as one word.



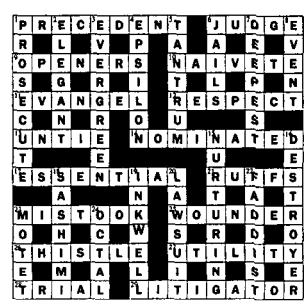
ACROSS

1. One candidate is seeking salary, we hear. (9)
6. Strangely overt for citizen. (5)
9. Beauty in proven usage. (5)
10. Married unhappily and sits around. Just the opposite, put badly. (9)
11. Adjusts data in Connecticut indoors (7)
12. Clear degrees preceding kinky love. (7)
13. What some lenders do to make nerd lie. (7)
15. Eastern leaders cultivating salt and sun. (7)
17. Rudeness from rat swallowing donkey. (7)
19. Copper hauls mom in for observation. (7)
21. Sorted seven University of Pennsylvania ties. (5,2)
23. Brave it recklessly for thrill. (7)
25. Enemy returned rotted car interior. (9)
26. Cares about land measures. (5)
27. Political contest stir scare. (5)
28. Candidates desperately postpone around November 1. (9)

DOWN

1. Confused a driven type of entrant (7)
2. He questions 199 about New York Return. (5)
3. Our country lions tamed in Michigan for former leader. (9)
4. Seaman's organization acting unanimously. (2, 5)
5. Sun acts strangely for some Italians. (7)
6. New stove blocks. (5)
7. Attract attention changing tail title. (9)
8. Where shells get direction from start of rudimentary glands. (7)
14. Gloomy about spicy dept. (9)
16. Fool disturbed Rabin meal. (9)
17. Reckless liberal preens fussily about start of debate. (7)
18. Noted woodcarver made poet get excited. (7)
19. Rationalization returning in impure vocalization (5, 2)
20. They believe his test confused. (7)
22. Covers up fasteners. (5)
24. High priest pulling an oar. (5).

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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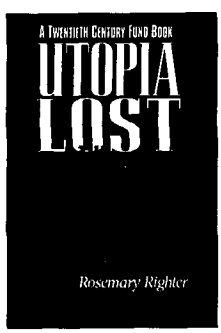

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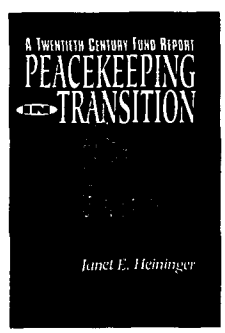

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